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LOS ANGELES

SWIFT.

While the blind loit'ring god is at his play.
Thou steals't his golden pointed darts away.

Vol. III. To Love.

Painted by H^s. Singleton

Engraved by P.W. Tomkins

Published 1st. Jany. 1807. by John Sharpe,
Piccadilly.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS;

INCLUDING THE MOST ESTEEMED

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

The Greek and Roman Authors.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

VOL. XII.

CONTAINING

THE THIRD AND FOURTH VOLUMES OF

SWIFT.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY;
AND SUTTABY, EVANCE, AND FOX, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET.

1818.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JONATHAN SWIFT,

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F. S. A.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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MISCELLANIES.

CASSINUS AND PETER.

A tragical Elegy.

1731.

Two college-sophs of Cambridge growth,
Both special wits, and lovers both,
Conferring as they us'd to meet
On love, and books, in rapture sweet,
(Muse, find me names to fit my metre,
Cassinus this, and t'other Peter)
Friend Peter to Cassinus goes,
To chat awhile and warm his nose;
But such a sight was never seen,
The lad lay swallow'd up in spleen:
He seem'd as just crept out of bed,
One greasy stocking round his head,
The other he sat down to darn
With threads of different-colour'd yarn;
His breeches torn, exposing wide
A ragged shirt and tawny hide:
Scorch'd were his shins, his legs were bare,
But well embrown'd with dirt and hair:
A rug was o'er his shoulders thrown;
A rug, for nightgown he had none:

His jordan stood in manner fitting,
Between his legs to spew or spit in;
His ancient pipe, in sable died
And half unsmok'd, lay by his side.
Him thus accoutred Peter found,
With eyes in smoke and weeping drown'd,
The leavings of his last night's pot
On embers plac'd, to drink it hot.
'Why, Cassy! thou wilt doze thy pate;
What makes thee lie a-bed so late?
The finch, the linnet, and the thrush,
Their matins chant in every bush;
And I have heard thee oft salute
Aurora with thy early flute.
Heav'n send thou hast not got the hips!
How! not a word come from thy lips?'
Then gave him some familiar thumps;
A college-joke to cure the dumps.
The swain at last, with grief opprest,
Cried, 'Celia!' thrice, and sigh'd the rest.
'Dear Cassy! though to ask I dread,
Yet ask I must; Is Celia dead?'
'How happy I, were that the worst!
But I was fated to be curst.'
'Come, tell us, has she play'd the whore?'
'Oh, Peter, would it were no more!'
'Why, plague confound her sandy locks;
Say, has the small or greater p—x
Sunk down her nose, or seam'd her face?
Be easy, 'tis a common case.'
'O Peter! beauty's but a varnish
Which time and accidents will tarnish;
But Celia has contriv'd to blast
Those beauties that might ever last:

Nor can imagination guess,
Nor eloquence divine express,
How that ungrateful charming maid
My purest passion has betray'd.
Conceive the most envenom'd dart
To pierce an injur'd lover's heart.'
'Why, hang her! though she seem'd so coy,
I know she loves the barber's boy.'
'Friend Peter! this I could excuse,
For every nymph has leave to choose;
Nor have I reason to complain
She loves a more deserving swain:
But, oh! how ill hast thou divin'd
A crime that shocks all humankind;
A deed unknown to female race,
At which the sun should hide his face;
Advice in vain you would apply——
Then leave me to despair and die.
Ye kind Arcadians! on my urn
These elegies and sonnets burn;
And on the marble grave these rhymes,
A monument to after times;
Here Cassy lies, by Celia slain,
And, dying, never told his pain.'
'Vain, empty world! farewell. But, hark,
The loud Cerberian triple bark.
And there——behold Alecto stand!
A whip of scorpions in her hand.
Lo! Charon from his leaky wherry
Beck'ning to waft me o'er the ferry.
I come, I come,—Medusa! see
Her serpents hiss direct at me.
Begone; unhand me, hellish fry:
Avaunt!——ye cannot say 'tis I.'

'Dear Cassy! thou must purge and bleed;
I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.
But now, by friendship's sacred laws,
I here conjure thee tell the cause,
And Celia's horrid fact relate;
Thy friend would gladly share thy fate.'
'To force it out my heart must rend;
Yet when conjur'd by such a friend—
Think, Peter, how my soul is rackt!
These eyes, these eyes beheld the fact.
Now bend thine ear, since out it must,
But when thou seest me laid in dust,
The secret thou shalt ne'er impart,
Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart;
(How would her virgin-soul bemoan
A crime to all her sex unknown!
Nor whisper to the tattling reeds
The blackest of all female deeds;
Nor blab it on the lonely rocks,
Where Echo sits, and listening mocks;
Nor let the zephyrs' treacherous gale
Through Cambridge waft the direful tale;
Nor to the chattering feather'd race
Discover Celia's foul disgrace:
But if you fail, my spectre dread,
Attending nightly round your bed;
And yet I dare confide in you;
So take my secret, and adieu!
Nor wonder how I lost my wits;
Oh! Celia, Celia, Celia sh——.'

A BEAUTIFUL

YOUNG NYMPH GOING TO BED[1].

WRITTEN FOR THE HONOUR OF THE FAIR SEX, 1731.

CORINNA, pride of Drury-lane,
For whom no shepherd sighs in vain,
Never did Covent-garden boast
So bright a batter'd, strolling toast!
No drunken rake to pick her up,
No cellar where on tick to sup,
Returning at the midnight hour,
Four stories climbing to her bow'r,
Then seated on a three-legg'd chair,
Takes off her artificial hair.
Now picking out a crystal eye,
She wipes it clean, and lays it by.
Her eyebrows from a mouse's hide,
Stuck on with art on either side,
Pulls off with care, and first displays 'em,
Then in a playbook smoothly lays 'em.
Now dextrously her plumpers draws,
That serve to fill her hollow jaws.
Untwists a wire, and from her gums
A set of teeth completely comes.
Pulls out the rags contriv'd to prop
Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.

1 This poem, for which some have thought no apology could be offered, more forcibly restrains the thoughtless and the young from the risk of health and life, by picking up a prostitute, than the finest declamation on the sordidness of the appetite. *Hawkes.*

Proceeding on, the lovely goddess
Unlaces next her steel-ribb'd bodice,
Which, by the operator's skill,
Press down the lumps, the hollows fill.
Up goes her hand, and off she slips
The bolsters that supply her hips.
With gentlest touch she next explores
Her chancres, issues, running sores,
Effects of many a sad disaster,
And then to each applies a plaster;
But must, before she goes to bed,
Rub off the daubs of white and red,
And smooth the furrows in her front
With greasy paper stuck upon't.
She takes a bolus ere she sleeps,
And then between two blankets creeps.
With pains of love tormented lies,
Or, if she chance to close her eyes,
Of Bridewell and the Compter dreams,
And feels the lash, and faintly screams;
Or, by a faithless bully drawn,
At some hedge-tavern lies in pawn;
Or to Jamaica seems transported,
Alone[2], and by no planter courted;
Or, near Fleet-ditch's oozy brinks,
Surrounded with a hundred stinks,
Belated, seems on watch to lie,
And snap some cully passing by;
Or, struck with fear, her fancy runs
On watchmen, constables, and duns,
From whom she meets with frequent rubs,
But never from religious clubs,

[2] —— Longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam.—— VIRG.

Whose favour she is sure to find,
Because she pays them all in kind.
Corinna wakes. A dreadful sight!
Behold the ruins of the night!
A wicked rat her plaster stole,
Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole;
The crystal eye, alas! was miss'd,
And puss had on her plumpers p-ss'd;
A pigeon pick'd her issue-peas;
And Shock her tresses fill'd with fleas.
The Nymph, though in this mangled plight,
Must every morn her limbs unite;
But how shall I describe her arts
To recollect the scatter'd parts?
Or show the anguish, toil, and pain,
Of gathering up herself again?
The bashful Muse will never bear
In such a scene to interfere.
Corinna in the morning dizen'd
Who sees will spew, who smells be poison'd.

STREPHON AND CHLOE.

1731.

Of Chloe all the Town has rung,
By every size of poets sung;
So beautiful a nymph appears
But once in twenty thousand years,
By Nature form'd with nicest care,
And faultless to a single hair.
Her graceful mien, her shape and face
Confess'd her of no mortal race:

And then so nice, and so genteel!
Such cleanliness from head to heel!
No humours gross or frowzy steams,
No noisome whiffs or sweaty streams,
Before, behind, above, below,
Could from her taintless body flow;
Would so discreetly things dispose,
None ever saw her pluck a rose:
Her dearest comrades never caught her
Squat on her hams to make maid's water:
You'd swear that so divine a creature
Felt no necessities of nature.
In summer had she walk'd the Town,
Her armpits would not stain her gown:
At country dances not a nose
Could in the Dog-days smell her toes.
Her milk-white hands, both palms and backs,
Like ivory dry, and soft as wax:
Her hands, the softest ever felt,
Though cold, would burn; though dry, would melt.
  Dear Venus! hide this wondrous maid,
Nor let her loose to spoil your trade:
While she engrosses every swain,
You but o'er half the world can reign.
Think what a case all men are now in,
What ogling, sighing, toasting, vowing!
What powder'd wigs! what flames and darts!
What hampers full of bleeding hearts!
What swordknots! what poetic strains!
What billet-doux and clouded canes!
  But Strephon sigh'd so loud and strong,
He blew a settlement along,
And bravely drove his rivals down
With coach and six, and house in Town.

The bashful nymph no more withstands,
Because her dear papa commands.
The charming couple now unites;
Proceed we to the marriage rites.
Imprimis, at the temple porch
Stood Hymen with a flaming torch:
The smiling Cyprian goddess brings
Her infant Loves with purple wings,
And pigeons billing, sparrows treading,
Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding.
The Muses next in order follow,
Conducted by their squire Apollo;
Then Mercury with silver tongue,
And Hebe, goddess ever young.
Behold, the bridegroom and his bride
Walk hand in hand, and side by side;
She by the tender Graces drest,
But he by Mars, in scarlet vest.
The nymph was cover'd with her flammeum[1],
And Phœbus sung the' epithalamium[2];
And last, to make the matter sure,
Dame Juno brought a priest demure.
Luna[3] was absent on pretence
Her time was not till nine months hence.
The rites perform'd, the parson paid,
In state return'd the grand parade,
With loud huzzas from all the boys,
That now the pair must crown their joys.
But still the hardest part remains.
Strephon had long perplex'd his brains,

1 A veil which the Roman brides covered themselves with when they were going to be married.

2 The marriage song.

3 Diana, goddess of midwives.

How with so high a nymph he might
Demean himself the wedding night;
For as he view'd his person round,
Mere mortal flesh was all he found.
His hand, his neck, his mouth and feet,
Were duly wash'd to keep them sweet;
(With other parts that shall be nameless,
The ladies else might think me shameless.)
The weather and his love were hot,
And should he struggle, I know what——
Why, let it go, if I must tell it——
He'll sweat, and then the nymph may smell it;
While she, a goddess dy'd in grain,
Was unsusceptible of stain,
And, Venus-like, her fragrant skin
Exhal'd ambrosia from within.
Can such a deity endure
A mortal human touch impure?
How did the humbled swain detest
His prickly beard and hairy breast!
His nightcap border'd round with lace
Could give no softness to his face.
  Yet if the goddess could be kind,
What endless raptures must he find!
And goddesses have now and then
Come down to visit mortal men;
To visit and to court them too:
A certain goddess, God knows who,
(As in a book he heard it read)
Took Col'nel Peleus to her bed.
But what if he should lose his life
By venturing on his heavenly wife?
For Strephon could remember well
That once he heard a schoolboy tell

How Semele, of mortal race,
By thunder died in Jove's embrace;
And what if daring Strephon dies
By lightning shot from Chloe's eyes?
  While these reflections fill'd his head,
The bride was put in form to bed:
He follow'd, stript, and in he crept,
But awfully his distance kept.
  Now ponder well, ye parents dear!
Forbid your daughters guzzling beer,
And make them every afternoon
Forbear their tea, or drink it soon,
That ere to bed they venture up,
They may discharge it every sup;
If not, they must in evil plight
Be often forc'd to rise at night.
Keep them to wholesome food confin'd,
Nor let them taste what causeth wind:
('Tis this the sage of Samos means,
Forbidding his disciples beans[4].)
O think what evils must ensue!
Miss Moll, the jade, will burn it blue;
And when she once has got the art,
She cannot help it for her heart,
But out it flies, ev'n when she meets
Her bridegroom in the wedding-sheets.
Carminative and diuretic
Will damp all passion sympathetic;
And Love such nicety requires,
One blast will put out all his fires.

[4] A well-known precept of Pythagoras, not to eat beans, which has been variously interpreted, and is supposed to contain some allegorical meaning.

Since husbands get behind the scene,
The wife should study to be clean,
Nor give the smallest room to guess
The time when wants of nature press;
But after marriage practise more
Decorum than she did before,
To keep her spouse deluded still,
And make him fancy what she will.
In bed we left the married pair;
'Tis time to show how things went there.
Strephon, who had been often told
That Fortune still assists the bold,
Resolv'd to make his first attack,
But Chloe drove him fiercely back.
How could a nymph so chaste as Chloe,
With constitution cold and snowy,
Permit a brutish man to touch her?
Ev'n lambs by instinct fly the butcher.
Resistance on the wedding-night
Is what our maidens claim by right;
And Chloe, 'tis by all agreed,
Was maid in thought, and word, and deed:
Yet some assign a different reason,
That Strephon chose no proper season.
Say, fair ones! must I make a pause,
Or freely tell the secret cause?
Twelve cups of tea (with grief I speak)
Had now constrain'd the nymph to leak.
This point must needs be settled first;
The bride must either void or burst.
Then see the dire effects of pease,
Think what can give the colic ease.
The nymph oppress'd before, behind,
As ships are toss'd by waves and wind,

Steals out her hand, by Nature led,
And brings a vessel into bed:
Fair utensil! as smooth and white
As Chloe's skin, almost as bright.
  Strephon, who heard the fuming rill
As from a mossy cliff distil,
Cried out, 'Ye gods! what sound is this?
'Can Chloe, heavenly Chloe! ——!'
But when he smelt a noisome steam,
Which oft attends that lukewarm stream,
(Salerno both together joins,
As sovereign med'cines for the loins)
And though contriv'd, we may suppose,
To slip his ears, yet struck his nose;
He found her, while the scent increas'd,
As mortal as himself at least:
But soon with like occasions prest,
He boldly sent his hand in quest
(Inspir'd with courage from his bride)
To reach the pot on t'other side,
And as he fill'd the reeking vase,
Let fly a rouser in her face.
  The little Cupids hovering round,
(As pictures prove) with garlands crown'd,
Abash'd at what they saw and heard,
Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.
  Adieu to ravishing delights,
High raptures and romantic flights;
To goddesses so heavenly sweet,
Expiring shepherds at their feet;
To silver meads and shady bow'rs
Dress'd up with amaranthine flow'rs.
  How great a change, how quickly made!
They learn to call a spade a spade;

They soon from all constraint are freed,
Can see each other do their need:
On box of cedar sits the wife,
And makes it warm for dearest life;
And, by the beastly way of thinking,
Find great society in stinking.
Now Strephon daily entertains
His Chloe in the homeliest strains,
And Chloe, more experienc'd grown,
With interest pays him back his own.
No maid at court is less asham'd,
Howe'er for selling bargains fam'd,
Than she to name her parts behind,
Or when a-bed to let out wind.
Fair Decency! celestial maid!
Descend from heav'n to Beauty's aid;
Though Beauty may beget desire,
'Tis thou must fan the lover's fire;
For Beauty, like supreme dominion,
Is best supported by Opinion:
If Decency bring no supplies,
Opinion falls, and Beauty dies.
To see some radiant nymph appear
In all her glittering birth-day gear,
You think some goddess from the sky
Descended, ready cut and dry:
But ere you sell yourself to laughter,
Consider well what may come after,
For fine ideas vanish fast,
While all the gross and filthy last.
O Strephon! ere that fatal day,
When Chloe stole your heart away,
Had you but through a cranny spied
On house of ease your future bride,

In all the postures of her face,
Which Nature gives in such a case,
Distortions, groanings, strainings, heavings,
'Twere better you had lick'd her leavings,
Than from experience find too late
Your goddess grown a filthy mate.
Your fancy then had always dwelt
On what you saw, and what you smelt;
Would still the same ideas give ye,
As when you spied her on the privy;
And, 'spite of Chloe's charms divine,
Your heart had been as whole as mine.
Authorities, both old and recent,
Direct that women must be decent,
And from the spouse each blemish hide,
More than from all the world beside[5].
Unjustly all our nymphs complain
Their empire holds so short a reign;
Is after marriage lost so soon,
It hardly holds the honey-moon;
For if they keep not what they caught,
It is entirely their own fault.
They take possession of the crown,
And then throw all their weapons down;
Though, by the politicians' scheme,
Whoe'er arrives at power supreme,
Those arts by which at first they gain it
They still must practise to maintain it.

[5] If virtue, as some writers pretend, be that which produces happiness, it must be granted, that to practise decency is a moral obligation; and if virtue consists in obedience to a law, as the nuptial laws enjoin both parties to avoid offence, decency will still be duty, and the breach of it will incur some degree of guilt.

What various ways our females take
To pass for wits before a rake!
And in the fruitless search pursue
All other methods but the true.
Some try to learn polite behaviour
By reading books against their Saviour;
Some call it witty to reflect
On every natural defect;
Some show they never want explaining
To comprehend a double meaning.
But sure a tell-tale out of school
Is of all wits the greatest fool,
Whose rank imagination fills
Her heart, and from her lips distils;
You'd think she utter'd from behind,
Or at her mouth was breaking wind.
Why is a handsome wife ador'd
By every coxcomb, but her lord?
From yonder puppet-man inquire,
Who wisely hides his wood and wire,
Shows Sheba's queen completely drest,
And Solomon in royal vest;
But view them litter'd on the floor,
Or strung on pegs behind the door;
Punch is exactly of a piece
With Lorrain's duke and prince of Greece.
A prudent builder should forecast
How long the stuff is like to last,
And carefully observe the ground
To build on some foundation sound.
What house, when its materials crumble
Must not inevitably tumble?
What edifice can long endure
Rais'd on a basis unsecure?

Rash mortals! ere you take a wife,
Contrive your pile to last for life:
Since beauty scarce endures a day,
And youth so swiftly glides away,
Why will you make yourself a bubble,
To build on sand with hay and stubble?
On sense and wit your passion found,
By decency cemented round.
Let prudence with good nature strive
To keep esteem and love alive;
Then come old age whene'er it will,
Your friendship shall continue still;
And thus a mutual gentle fire
Shall never but with life expire.

APOLLO:

OR, A PROBLEM SOLVED.

1731.

Apollo, god of Light and Wit,
Could verse inspire, but seldom writ:
Refin'd all metals with his looks,
As well as chemists by their books;
As handsome as my Lady's page;
Sweet five-and-twenty was his age.
His wig was made of sunny rays;
He crown'd his youthful head with bays.
Not all the court of heav'n could show
So nice and so complete a beau.
No heir upon his first appearance,
With twenty thousand pounds a-year rents,

E'er drove, before he sold his land,
So fine a coach along the Strand:
The spokes, we are by Ovid told,
Were silver, and the axle gold.
(I own 'twas but a coach and four,
For Jupiter allows no more.)
Yet with his beauty, wealth, and parts,
Enough to win ten thousand hearts,
No vulgar deity above
Was so unfortunate in love.
Three weighty causes were assign'd,
That mov'd the nymphs to be unkind.
Nine Muses always waiting round him,
He left them virgins as he found 'em.
His singing was another fault,
For he could reach to B in alt;
And, by the sentiments of Pliny,
Such singers are like Nicolini.
At last the point was fully clear'd;
In short, Apollo had no beard.

JUDAS.

1731.

By the just vengeance of incensed skies,
Poor bishop Judas, late repenting, dies,
The Jews engag'd him with a paltry bribe,
Amounting hardly to a crown a tribe;
Which though his conscience forc'd him to restore,
(And parson's tell us no man can do more)
Yet through despair, of God and man accurst,
He lost his bishopric, and hang'd or burst.

Those former ages differ much from this;
Judas betray'd his Master with a kiss,
But some have kiss'd the Gospel fifty times,
Whose perjury's the least of all their crimes:
Some who can perjure through a two-inch board,
Yet keep their bishoprics, and 'scape the cord;
Like hemp, which by a skilful spinster drawn
To slender threads, may sometimes pass for lawn.
As ancient Judas by transgression fell,
And burst asunder ere he went to hell,
So could we see a set of new Iscariots
Come headlong tumbling from their mitred chariots,
Each modern Judas perish like the first,
Drop from the tree with all his bowels burst,
Who could forbear, that view'd each guilty face,
To cry, 'Lo! Judas gone to his own place:
His habitation let all men forsake,
And let his bishopric another take.'

ON

MR. PULTENEY

BEING PUT OUT OF THE COUNCIL.

1731.

Sir Robert, wearied by Will Pulteney's teasings,
Who interrupted him in all his leasings,
Resolv'd that Will and he should meet no more,
Full in his face Bob shuts the council door;
Nor lets him sit as justice on the bench,
To punish thieves, or lash a suburb wench.

Yet still St. Stephen's Chapel open lies
For Will to enter—What shall I advise?
E'en quit the House, for thou too long hast sat in't;
Produce at last thy dormant ducal patent;
There, near thy master's throne in shelter plac'd,
Let Will, unheard by thee, his thunder waste.
Yet still I fear your work is done but half,
For while he keeps his pen, you are not safe.
  Hear an old fable, and a dull one too,
Yet bears a moral when applied to you.
  A Hare had long escap'd pursuing hounds,
By often shifting into distant grounds,
Till finding all his artifices vain,
To save his life he leap'd into the main;
But there, alas! he could no safety find,
A pack of dog-fish had him in the wind.
He scours away, and, to avoid the foe,
Descends for shelter to the shades below.
There Cerberus lay watching in his den;
(He had not seen a Hare the Lord knows when)
Out bounc'd the mastiff of the triple head;
Away the Hare with double swiftness fled.
Hunted from earth, and sea, and hell, he flies
(Fear lent him wings) for safety to the skies.
How was the fearful animal distrest!
Behold a foe more fierce than all the rest;
Syrius, the swiftest of the heavenly pack,
Fail'd but an inch to seize him by the back:
He fled to earth, but first it cost him dear;
He left his scut behind, and half an ear.
  Thus was the Hare pursued, though free from guilt;
Thus, Bob, shalt thou be maul'd, fly where thou wilt:
Then, honest Robin! of thy corpse beware;
Thou art not half so nimble as a Hare:

Too pond'rous is thy bulk to mount the sky,
Nor can you go to hell before you die:
So keen thy hunters, and thy scent so strong,
Thy turns and doublings cannot save thee long.

TO MR. GAY[1].

1731.

How could you, Gay, disgrace the Muses' train,
To serve a tasteless court twelve years in vain!
Fain would I think our female friend sincere,
Till Bob, the poet's foe, possess'd her ear.
Did female virtue e'er so high ascend,
To lose an inch of favour for a friend?
Say, had the court no better place to choose
For thee, than make a dry-nurse of thy Muse?
How cheaply had thy liberty been sold,
To 'squire a royal girl of two years old,
In leading-strings her infant steps to guide,
Or with her go-cart amble side by side?
But princely Douglas and his glorious dame
Advanc'd thy fortune and preserv'd thy fame;
Nor will your nobler gifts be misapplied,
When o'er your patron's treasure you preside:
The world shall own his choice was wise and just,
For sons of Phœbus never break their trust.
Not love of beauty less the heart inflames
Of guardian-eunuchs to the Sultan's dames,

[1] The Author having been told by an intimate friend, that the Duke of Queensberry had employed Mr. Gay to inspect the accounts and management of his Grace's receivers and stewards, (which, however, proved afterwards to be a mistake) writ to Mr. Gay the above poem.

Their passions not more impotent and cold
Than those of poets to the lust of gold.
With Pæan's purest fire his favourites glow,
The dregs will serve to ripen ore below;
His meanest work; for had he thought it fit
That wealth should be the appendage of wit,
The god of Light could ne'er have been so blind
To deal it to the worst of humankind.
But let me now, for I can do it well,
Your conduct in this new employ foretel.
And, first; to make my observation right,
I place a statesman full before my sight,
A bloated minister in all his geer,
With shameless visage and perfidious leer;
Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw,
And ostrich-like, his all-digesting maw.
My fancy drags this monster to my view,
To show the world his chief reverse in you.
Of loud unmeaning sounds a rapid flood
Rolls from his mouth in plenteous streams of mud,
With these the court and senate-house he plies,
Made up of noise, and impudence, and lies.
Now let me show how Bob and you agree;
You serve a potent prince as well as he.
The ducal coffers, trusted to your charge,
Your honest care may fill, perhaps enlarge:
His vassals easy, and the owner blest,
They pay a trifle, and enjoy the rest.
Not so a nation's revenues are paid;
The servant's faults are on the master laid:
The people with a sigh their taxes bring,
And, cursing Bob, forget to bless the king.
Next hearken, Gay, to what thy charge requires
With servants, tenants, and the neighbouring squires.

Let all domestics feel your gentle sway,
Nor bribe, insult, nor flatter, nor betray:
Let due reward to merit be allow'd,
Nor with your kindred half the palace crowd;
Nor think yourself secure in doing wrong,
By telling noses with a party strong.
Be rich; but of your wealth make no parade,
At least before your master's debts are paid;
Nor in a palace, built with charge immense,
Presume to treat him at his own expense.
Each farmer in the neighbourhood can count
To what your lawful perquisites amount:
The tenants poor, the hardness of the times,
Are ill excuses for a servant's crimes.
With interest, and a premium paid beside,
The master's pressing wants must be supplied:
With hasty zeal behold the steward come
By his own credit to advance the sum,
Who, while the' unrighteous Mammon is his friend,
May well conclude his power will never end.
A faithful treasurer! what could he do more?
He lends my lord what was my lord's before.
The law so strictly guards the monarch's health,
That no physician dares prescribe by stealth;
The council sit, approve the doctor's skill,
And give advice before he gives the pill:
But the state-emp'ric acts a safer part,
And while he poisons, wins the royal heart.
But how can I describe the ravenous breed?
Then let me now by negatives proceed.
Suppose your lord a trusty servant send
On weighty business to some neighbouring friend,
Presume not, Gay, unless you serve a drone,
To countermand his orders by your own.

Should some imperious neighbour sink the boats,
And drain the fish-ponds while your master dotes;
Shall he upon the ducal rights entrench,
Because he brib'd you with a brace of tench?
Nor from your lord his bad condition hide,
To feed his luxury or soothe his pride;
Nor at an under-rate his timber sell,
And with an oath assure him all is well;
Or swear it rotten, and with humble airs
Request it of him to complete your stairs;
Nor when a mortgage lies on half his lands,
Come with a purse of guineas in your hands.
Have Peter Waters always in your mind;
That rogue of genuine ministerial kind,
Can half the peerage by his arts bewitch;
Starve twenty lords to make one scoundrel rich;
And when he gravely has undone a score,
Is humbly pray'd to ruin twenty more.
A dext'rous steward, when his tricks are found,
Hush-money sends to all the neighbours round;
His master, unsuspicious of his pranks,
Pays all the cost, and gives the villain thanks:
And should a friend attempt to set him right,
His lordship would impute it all to spite;
Would love his favourite better than before,
And trust his honesty just so much more:
Thus families, like realms, with equal fate
Are sunk by premier-ministers of state.
Some, when an heir succeeds, go boldly on,
And as they robb'd the father, rob the son.
A knave who deep embroils his lord's affair's
Will soon grow necessary to his heirs.
His policy consists in setting traps,
In finding ways and means, and stopping gaps:

He knows a thousand tricks whene'er he please,
Though not to cure, yet palliate each disease.
In either case an equal chance is run,
For, keep or turn him out, my lord's undone.
You want a hand to clear a filthy sink;
No cleanly workman can endure the stink.
A strong dilemma in a desperate case!
To act with infamy, or quit the place.
A bungler thus, who scarce the nail can hit,
With driving wrong will make the pannel split;
Nor dares an abler workman undertake
To drive a second, lest the whole should break.
In every court the parallel will hold,
And kings, like private folks, are bought and sold.
The ruling rogue, who dreads to be cashier'd,
Contrives, as he is hated, to be fear'd;
Confounds accounts, perplexes all affairs,
For vengeance more embroils than skill repairs:
So robbers, (and their ends are just the same)
To 'scape inquiries, leave the house in flame.
I knew a brazen minister of state
Who bore for twice ten years the public hate:
In every mouth the question most in vogue
Was, 'When will they turn out this odious rogue?'
A juncture happen'd in his highest pride;
While he went robbing on, old master died:
We thought there now remain'd no room to doubt;
His work is done, the minister is out.
The court invited more than one or two;
Will you, Sir Spencer? or will you? or you?
But not a soul his office durst accept;
The subtle knave had all the plunder swept:
And such was then the temper of the times,
He ow'd his preservation to his crimes.

The candidates observ'd his dirty paws,
Nor found it difficult to guess the cause;
But when they smelt such foul corruption round him,
Away they fled, and left him as they found him.
Thus when a greedy sloven once has thrown
His snot into the mess, 'tis all his own.

A LETTER

TO DR. HELSHAM.

SIR, Nov. 23, 1731, at night.

When I left you, I found myself of the grape's juice sick;
I'm so full of pity, I never abuse sick;
And the patientest patient that ever you knew sick;
Both when I am purge-sick and when I am spew-sick.
I pitied my cat, whom I knew by her mew sick;
She mended at first, but now she's a-new sick.
Captain Butler made some in the church black and blue sick;
Dean Cross, had he preach'd, would have made us all pew-sick;
Are not you, in a crowd, when you sweat and stew, sick?
Lady Santry got out of the church when she grew sick,
And, as fast as she could, to the Deanery flew sick.
Miss Morice was (I can assure you 'tis true) sick;
For who would not be in that numerous crew sick?
Such music would make a fanatic or Jew sick,
Yet ladies are seldom at ombre or loo sick;

Nor is old Nanny Shales, whene'er she does brew, sick.
My footman came home from the church of a bruise sick,
And look'd like a rake who was made in the stews sick.
But you learned doctors can make whom you choose sick;
Poor I myself! I was, when I withdrew, sick,
For the smell of them made me like garlic and rue sick;
And, I got through the crowd, though not led by a clue, sick,
You hop'd to find many (for that was your cue) sick;
But there were not a dozen (to give 'em their due) sick,
And those, to be sure, stuck together like glue, sick.
So are ladies in crowds, when they squeeze and they screw, sick;
You may find they are all, by their yellow pale hue, sick;
So am I, when tobacco, like Robin, I chew, sick.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Nov. 23, at night.

If I write any more it will make my poor Muse sick.
This night I came home with a very cold dew sick,
And I wish I may soon be not of an ague sick;
But I hope I shall ne'er be, like you of a shrew sick.
Who often has made me, by looking askew, sick.

A LETTER

TO DR. HELSHAM.

SIR, Pray discruciate what follows.

THE dullest beast, and gentleman's liquor,
When young is often due to the vicar.

The dullest of beasts, and swine's delight,
Make up a bird very swift of flight.

The dullest beast, when high in stature,
And another of royal nature,
For breeding is a useful creature.

The dullest beast, and a party distrest,
When too long, is bad at best.

The dullest beast, and the saddle it wears,
Is good for partridge, not for hares.

The dullest beast, and kind voice of a cat,
Will make a horse go, though he be not fat.

The dullest of beasts, and of birds in the air,
Is that by which all Irishmen swear.

The dullest beast, and fam'd college for Teagues,
Is a person very unfit for intrigues.

The dullest beast, and a cobler's tool,
With a boy that is only fit for school,
In summer is very pleasant and cool.

The dullest beast, and that which you kiss,
May break a limb of master or miss.

Of serpent-kind, and what at distance kills,
Poor Mistress Dingley oft' hath felt its bills.

The dullest beast, and eggs unsound,
Without it I rather would walk on the ground.

The dullest beast, and what covers a house,
Without it a writer is not worth a louse.

The dullest beast, and scandalous vermin,
Of roast or boil'd, to the hungry is charming.

The dullest beast, and what's cover'd with crust,
There's nobody but a fool that would trust.

The dullest beast, mending highways,
Is to an horse an evil disease.

The dullest beast, and a hole in the ground,
Will dress a dinner worth five pound.

The dullest beast, and what, doctors pretend,
The cook-maid often has by the end.

The dullest beast, and fish for Lent.
May give you a blow you'll for ever repent.

The dullest beast, and a shameful jeer,
Without it a lady should never appear.

Wednesday night.

I writ all these before I went to bed. Pray explain them for me, because I cannot do it.

ON

THE IRISH BISHOPS.

1731[1].

Old Latimer preaching did fairly describe
A bishop who rul'd all the rest of his tribe;
And who is this bishop? and where does he dwell?
Why, truly 'tis Satan, archbishop of Hell;
And he was a primate, and he wore a mitre
Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and nitre.
How nearly this bishop our bishops resembles!
But he has the odds, who believes and who trembles.
Could you see his grim Grace, for a pound to a penny
You'd swear it must be the baboon of Kilkenny.
Poor Satan will think the comparison odious;
I wish I could find him out one more commodious:
But this I am sure, the most reverend Old Dragon
Has got on the bench many bishops suffragan,
And all men believe he presides there *incog.*
To give them, by turns, an invisible jog.
Our bishops, puft up with wealth and with pride,
To hell on the backs of the clergy would ride.
They mounted and labour'd with whip and with spur,
In vain——for the devil a parson would stir:

1 This poem was first printed in Fog's Journal of the 17th of September 1733: the subject of it is now over, but our Author's known zeal against that project made it to be generally supposed his. It was occasioned by the Bishops of Ireland endeavouring to get an act to divide the church-livings, which bill was rejected by the Irish House of Commons.

So the Commons unhors'd them, and this was their doom,
On their crosiers to ride, like a witch on a broom.
Though they gallop'd so fast, on the road you may find 'em,
And have left us but three out of twenty behind 'em.
Lord Bolton's good Grace, Lord Car, and Lord Howard,
In spite of the devil would still be untoward:
They came of good kindred, and could not endure
Their former companions should beg at their door.
When Christ was betray'd to Pilate the prætor,
Of a dozen apostles but one prov'd a traitor;
One traitor alone, and faithful eleven,
But we can afford you six traitors in seven.
What a clutter with clippings, dividings, and cleavings!
And the clergy, forsooth, must take up with their leavings.
If making divisions was all their intent,
They've done it, we thank 'em, but not as they meant;
And so may such bishops for ever divide,
That no honest heathen would be on their side.
How should we rejoice, if, like Judas the first,
Those splitters of parsons in sunder should burst?
Now hear an allusion.——A mitre, you know,
Is divided above, but united below:
If this you consider, our emblem is right;
The bishops divide, but the clergy unite.
Should the bottom be split, our bishops would dread
That the mitre would never stick fast on their head;
And yet they have learn'd the chief art of a sovereign,
As Machiavel taught 'em, 'Divide, and ye govern.'

But courage, my lords; though it cannot be said
That one cloven tongue ever sat on your head,
I'll hold you a groat, and I wish I could see't,
If your stockings were off, you could show cloven feet.

'But hold, (cry the bishops) and give us fair play;
Before you condemn us, hear what we can say.
What truer affection could ever be shown
Than saving your souls, by damning our own?
And have we not practis'd all methods to gain you?
With the tithe of the tithe of the tithe to maintain you,
Provided a fund for building you 'spitals;
You are only to live four years without victuals.'
Content, my good lords! but let us change hands;
First take you our tithes, and give us your lands:
So God bless the church, and three of our mitres;
And God bless the Commons, for biting the biters.

THE

BEAST'S CONFESSION TO THE PRIEST;

ON OBSERVING HOW MOST MEN MISTAKE THEIR OWN TALENTS.

1732.

THE PREFACE.

I HAVE been long of opinion that there is not a more general and greater mistake, or of worse consequences through the commerce of mankind, than the wrong judgments they are apt to entertain of their own talents. I knew a fluttering alderman in London, a great frequenter of coffee-houses, who, when a fresh newspaper was brought in, constantly seized it first, and read it aloud to his brother-citizens, but in a manner as little intelligible to the standers-by as to himself. How many pretenders to learning expose themselves by choosing to discourse on those very parts of science wherewith they are least acquainted! It is the same case in every other qualification. By the multitude of those who deal in rhymes, from half a sheet to twenty, which come out every minute, there must be at least five hundred poets in the city and suburbs of London; half as many coffee-house orators, exclusive of the clergy; forty thousand politicians; and four thousand five hundred

profound scholars; not to mention the wits, the railers, the smart fellows and critics; all as illiterate and impudent as a suburb-whore. What are we to think of the fine-dressed sparks, proud of their own personal deformities, which appear the more hideous by the contrast of wearing scarlet and gold, with what they call toupees on their heads, and all the frippery of a modern beau, to make a figure before women, some of them with hump-backs, others hardly five feet high, and every feature of their faces distorted! I have seen many of these insipid pretenders entering into conversation with persons of learning, constantly making the grossest blunders in every sentence, without conveying one single idea fit for a rational creature to spend a thought on; perpetually confounding all chronology and geography even of present times. I compute that London hath eleven native fools of the beau and puppy-kind for one among us in Dublin, besides two-thirds of ours transplanted thither, who are now naturalized; whereby that overgrown capital exceeds ours in the article of dunces by forty to one; and, what is more, to our further mortification, there is not one distinguished fool of Irish birth or education who makes any noise in that famous metropolis, unless the London prints be very partial or defective; whereas London is seldom without a dozen of their own educating, who engross the vogue for half a winter together, and are never heard of more, but give place to a new set. This hath been the constant progress for at least thirty years past, only allowing for the change of breed and fashion.

THE

BEAST'S CONFESSION, &c.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poem is grounded upon the universal folly of mankind in mistaking their talents; by which the Author doth a great honour to his own species, almost equalling them with certain brutes; wherein, indeed, he is too partial, as he freely confesseth; and yet he hath gone as low as he well could, by specifying four animals, the Wolf, the Ass, the Swine, and the Ape, all equally mischievous, except the last, who outdoes them in the article of cunning; so great is the pride of Man!

WHEN beasts could speak, (the learned say
They still can do so every day)
It seems they had religion then,
As much as now we find in men.
It happen'd when a plague broke out,
(Which therefore made them more devout)
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command
That every subject in the land
Should to the Priest confess their sins;
And thus the pious Wolf begins:
'Good Father! I must own with shame
That often I have been to blame:
I must confess on Friday last,
Wretch that I was! I broke my fast;

But I defy the basest tongue
To prove I did my neighbour wrong,
Or ever went to seek my food
By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood.'
The Ass approaching next, confess'd
That in his heart he lov'd a jest:
A wag he was, he needs must own,
And could not let a dunce alone:
Sometimes his friend he would not spare,
And might perhaps be too severe:
But yet, the worst that could be said,
He was a wit both born and bred;
And if it be a sin or shame,
Nature alone must bear the blame:
One fault he hath, is sorry for't,
His ears are half a foot too short,
Which could he to the standard bring,
He'd show his face before the king:
Then for his voice, there's none disputes
That he's the nightingale of brutes.
The Swine with contrite heart allow'd
His shape and beauty made him proud;
In diet was perhaps too nice,
But gluttony was ne'er his vice;
In every turn of life content,
And meekly took what Fortune sent:
Inquire through all the parish round,
A better neighbour ne'er was found:
His vigilance might some displease;
'Tis true he hated sloth like pease.
The mimic Ape began his chatter,
How evil tongues his life bespatter;
Much of the censuring world complain'd,
Who said his gravity was feign'd:

Indeed the strictness of his morals
Engag'd him in an hundred quarrels:
He saw, and he was griev'd to see't,
His zeal was sometimes indiscreet:
He found his virtues too severe
For our corrupted times to bear;
Yet such a lewd licentious age
Might well excuse a stoic's rage.
  The Goat advanc'd with decent pace,
And first excus'd his youthful face;
Forgiveness begg'd, that he appear'd
('Twas Nature's fault) without a beard:
'Tis true he was not much inclin'd
To fondness for the female kind;
Not, as his enemies object,
From chance or natural defect,
Not by his frigid constitution,
But through a pious resolution;
For he had made a holy vow
Of chastity, as monks do now,
Which he resolv'd to keep for ever hence,
As strictly too as doth his Reverence.
  Apply the tale, and you shall find
How just it suits with humankind.
Some faults we own, but can you guess,
——Why virtue's carried to excess?
Wherewith our vanity endows us,
Though neither foe nor friend allows us.
  The Lawyer swears, you may rely on't,
He never squeez'd a needy client;
And this he makes his constant rule,
For which his brethren call him Fool:
His conscience always was so nice,
He freely gave the poor advice,

By which he lost, he may affirm,
An hundred fees last Easter-term.
While others of the learned robe
Would break the patience of a Job,
No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick dispatch;
Ne'er kept a cause, he well may boast,
Above a term or two at most.

The cringing knave, who seeks a place
Without success, thus tells his case:
Why should he longer mince the matter?
He fail'd, because he could not flatter;
He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
Nor for a party give his vote:
His crime he quickly understood,
Too zealous for the nation's good:
He found the ministers resent it,
Yet could not for his heart repent it.

The Chaplain vows he cannot fawn,
Though it would raise him to the lawn:
He pass'd his hours among his books;
You find it in his meagre looks:
He might, if he were worldly wise,
Preferment get, and spare his eyes;
But own'd he had a stubborn spirit,
That made him trust alone in merit;
Would rise by merit to promotion:
Alas! a mere chimeric notion.

The Doctor, if you will believe him,
Confess'd a sin; and, God forgive him!
Call'd up at midnight, ran to save
A blind old beggar from the grave:
But see how Satan spreads his snares;
He quite forgot to say his pray'rs.

He cannot help it for his heart
Sometimes to act the parson's part;
Quotes from the Bible many a sentence,
That moves his patients to repentance;
And when his med'cines do no good,
Supports their minds with heavenly food;
At which, however well intended,
He hears the clergy are offended,
And grown so bold behind his back,
To call him hypocrite and quack.
In his own church he keeps a seat,
Says grace before and after meat,
And calls, without affecting airs,
His household twice a-day to pray'rs.
He shuns apothecaries' shops,
And hates to cram the sick with slops;
He scorns to make his art a trade,
Nor bribes my Lady's favourite maid:
Old nurse-keepers would never hire
To recommend him to the squire,
Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practis'd to their shame.
  The Statesman tells you, with a sneer,
His fault is to be too sincere;
And, having no sinister ends,
Is apt to disoblige his friends.
The nation's good, his master's glory
Without regard to Whig or Tory,
Were all the schemes he had in view
Yet he was seconded by few:
Though some had spread a thousand lies,
'Twas he defeated the Excise;
'Twas known, though he had borne aspersion,
That standing troops were his aversion:

His practice was, in every station,
To serve the king and please the nation.
Though hard to find in every case
The fittest man to fill a place,
His promises he ne'er forgot,
But took memorials on the spot:
His enemies, for want of charity,
Said he affected popularity:
'Tis true the people understood
That all he did was for their good;
Their kind affections he has tried;
No love is lost on either side.
He came to court with fortune clear,
Which now he runs out every year;
Must at the rate that he goes on
Inevitably be undone.
Oh! if his Majesty would please
To give him but a writ of ease,
Would grant him licence to retire,
As it hath long been his desire,
By fair accounts it would be found
He's poorer by ten thousand pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no sin,
He ne'er was partial to his kin;
He thought it base for men in stations
To crowd the court with their relations:
His country was his dearest mother,
And every virtuous man his brother:
Through modesty or awkward shame,
(For which he owns himself to blame)
He found the wisest men he could,
Without respect to friends or blood;
Nor ever acts on private views,
When he hath liberty to choose.

The Sharper swore he hated play,
Except to pass an hour away;
And well he might; for, to his cost,
By want of skill he always lost:
He heard there was a club of cheats,
Who had contriv'd a thousand feats;
Could change the stock, or cog a dye,
And thus deceive the sharpest eye:
No wonder how his fortune sunk,
His brothers fleece him when he's drunk.
I own the moral not exact;
Besides, the tale is false in fact;
And so absurd, that could I raise up
From fields Elysian fabling Æsop,
I would accuse him to his face
For libelling the four-foot race:
Creatures of every kind but our's
Well comprehend their natural pow'rs.
While we, whom reason ought to sway,
Mistake our talents every day.
The Ass was never known so stupid
To act the part of Tray or Cupid,
Nor leap upon his master's lap,
There to be strok'd and fed with pap,
As Æsop would the world persuade;
He better understands his trade;
Nor comes whene'er his lady whistles,
But carries loads, and feeds on thistles.
Our Author's meaning, I presume, is
A creature *bipes et implumis*[1];

[1] A definition of a man disapproved by all logicians: *Homo est animal bipes, implume, erecto vultu.*

Wherein the moralist design'd
A compliment on humankind;
For here he owns, that now and then
Beasts may degenerate into men[2].

THE

HARDSHIP PUT UPON THE LADIES.

1733.

Poor Ladies! though their business be to play,
'Tis hard they must be busy night and day:
Why should they want the privilege of men,
Nor take some small diversions now and then?
Had women been the makers of our laws,
(And why they were not I can see no cause)
The men should slave at cards from morn till night,
And female pleasures be to read and write.

VERSES WRITTEN BY DR. SWIFT,

OCCASIONED BY THE PRESENT OF A PAPER BOOK FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY, AND A SILVER STANDISH FROM DR. DELANY, 1733.

A paper Book is sent by Boyle,
Too neatly gilt for me to soil;
Delany sends a Silver Standish,
When I no more a pen can brandish:

[2] See Gulliver in his account of the Houyhnhnms.

Let both around my tomb be plac'd,
As trophies of a muse deceas'd;
And let the friendly lines they writ
In praise of long-departed wit,
Be grav'd on either side in columns,
More to my praise than all my volumes,
To burst with envy, spite, and rage,
The Vandals of the present age.

ON THE WORDS

BROTHER-PROTESTANTS,

AND

FELLOW-CHRISTIANS,

SO FAMILIARLY USED BY THE ADVOCATES FOR THE REPEAL OF THE TEST-ACT IN IRELAND [1].

1733.

An inundation, says the fable,
O'erflow'd a farmer's barn and stable:
Whole ricks of hay and stacks of corn
Were down the sudden current borne,
While things of heterogeneous kind
Together float with tide and wind:
The generous wheat forgot its pride,
And sail'd with litter side by side,

1 This Poem so provoked one B——, a lawyer, and member of the Irish parliament, that he swore he would revenge himself, either by murdering or maiming the Author. On this, thirty of the inhabitants of the Liberty of St. Patrick's waited on the Dean, with a paper subscribed by them, in which they engaged to defend his person and fortune, as the friend and benefactor of his country.

Uniting all, to show their amity,
As in a general calamity:
A ball of new-dropt horse's dung,
Mingling with apples in the throng,
Said to the pippin, plump and prim,
'See, Brother, how *we* apples swim!'
  Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
An offer'd fee from Radcliffe scorns:
'Not for the world!—*We* doctors, brother,
Must take no fees of one another.'
Thus to a Dean some curate sloven
Subscribes, 'Dear Sir! Your brother loving;'
Thus all the footmen, shoeboys, porters,
About St. James's, cry '*We* courtiers:'
Thus Horace in the House will prate;
'Sir, *We* the ministers of state:'
Thus at the bar that blockhead B——,
Though half-a-crown o'erpays his sweat's worth,
Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
Calls Singleton his Brother-sergeant:
And thus fanatic saints, though neither in
Doctrine nor discipline our brethren,
Are Brother-Protestants and Christians
As much as Hebrews and Philistines:
But in no other sense than Nature
Has made a rat our fellow-creature.
Lice from your body suck their food;
But is a louse your flesh and blood?
Though born of human filth and sweat, it
May as well be said, man did beget it;
But maggots in your nose and chin
As well may claim you for their kin.
  Yet critics may object, 'Why not?
Since lice are brethren to a Scot,

Which made our swarm of sects determine
Employments for their brother-vermin.'
But be they English, Irish, Scotish,
What Protestant can be so sottish,
While o'er the church these clouds are gathering,
To call a swarm of lice his Brethren?
  As Moses, by divine advice,
In Egypt turn'd the dust to lice;
And as our sects, by all descriptions,
Have hearts more harden'd than Egyptians;
As from the trodden dust they spring,
And, turn'd to lice, infest the king;
For pity's sake it would be just
A rod should turn them back to dust.
  Let folks in high or holy stations
Be proud of owning such relations;
Let courtiers hug them in their bosom,
As if they were afraid to lose 'em;
While I, with humble Job, had rather
Say to Corruption—'Thou'rt my father;'
For he that has so little wit
To nourish vermin, may be bit.'

ON POETRY:

A Rhapsody.

1733.

All human race would fain be Wits,
And millions miss for one that hits:
Young's universal passion, Pride,
Was never known to spread so wide.

Say, Britain! could you ever boast
Three poets in an age at most?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A sprig of bays in fifty years,
While every fool his claim alleges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reason can there be assign'd
For this perverseness in the mind?
Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd horse will oft debate
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
A dog by instinct turns aside,
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide;
But man we find the only creature
Who, led by folly, combats Nature;
Who, when she loudly cries 'Forbear,'
With obstinacy fixes there;
And where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs.
  Not empire to the rising sun
By valour, conduct, fortune, won;
Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound,
So large to grasp the circle round,
Such heavenly influence require
As how to strike the Muse's lyre.
  Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not bastard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell or the stews;
Not infants dropt, the spurious pledges
Of gipsies littering under hedges,

Are so disqualified by fate
To rise in church, or law, or state,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Hath blasted with poetic fire.
What hope of custom in the fair,
While not a soul demands your ware!
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life or public use!
Court, city, country, want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For poets law makes no provision;
The wealthy have you in derision:
Of state-affairs you cannot smatter;
Are awkward when you try to flatter:
Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was just one annual hundred pound[1];
Now not so much as in remainder,
Since Cibber brought in an attainder;
For ever fix'd by right divine
(A monarch's right) on Grub-street line.
Poor starveling bard! how small thy gains!
How unproportion'd to thy pains!
And here a simile comes pat in;
Though chickens take a month to fatten,
The guests in less than half an hour
Will more than half a score devour.
So after toiling twenty days
To earn a stock of pence and praise,
Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea;
Gone, to be never heard of more,
Gone, where the chickens went before.

[1] Paid to the Poet-laureat, which place was given to Mr. Colley Cibber, a player.

How shall a new attempter learn
Of different spirits to discern?
And how distinguish which is which,
The poet's vein or scribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienc'd sinner
Instructing thus a young beginner.
Consult yourself, and if you find
A powerful impulse urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breast
What subject you can manage best;
Whether your genius most inclines
To satire, praise, or humorous lines;
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologue sent from hand unknown;
Then rising with Aurora's light,
The Muse invok'd, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head and bite your nails.
Your poem finish'd, next your care
Is needful to transcribe it fair:
In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with numerous breaks—and dashes.—
To statesmen would you give a wipe,
You print it in Italic type:
When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes;
But when in capitals exprest,
The dullest reader smokes the jest;
Or else perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant;
As learned commentators view
In Homer, more than Homer knew.

Your poem in its modish dress,
Correctly fitted for the press,
Convey by penny-post to Lintot,
But let no friend alive look into't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
You need not fear your labour lost:
And how agreeably surpris'd
Are you to see it advertis'd!
The hawker shows you one in print,
As fresh as farthings from the mint,
The product of your toil and sweating,
A bastard of your own begetting.
Be sure at Will's the following day
Lie snug, and hear what critics say,
And if you find the general vogue
Pronounces you a stupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little;
Sit still, and swallow down your spittle:
Be silent as a politician,
For talking may beget suspicion;
Or praise the judgment of the Town,
And help yourself to run it down;—
Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker side:
For poems read without a name
We justly praise or justly blame;
And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuse;
And since you ne'er provok'd their spite,
Depend upon't, their judgment's right.
But if you blab you are undone,
Consider what a risk you run;
You lose your credit all at once,
The Town will mark you for a dunce;

The vilest doggrel Grub-street sends,
Will pass for yours with foes and friends,
And you must bear the whole disgrace,
Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.
Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
And sent in quires to line a trunk,
If still you be dispos'd to rhyme,
Go try your hand a second time.
Again you fail; yet Safe's the word;
Take courage, and attempt a third:
But first with care employ your thoughts
Where critics mark'd your former faults;
The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The similes that nothing fit;
The cant which every fool repeats,
Town-jests, and coffee-house conceits;
Descriptions tedious, flat, and dry,
And introduc'd the Lord knows why;
Or where we find your fury set
Against the harmless alphabet;
On A's and B's your malice vent,
While readers wonder whom you meant;
A public or a private robber,
A statesman or a South-sea jobber;
A prelate, who no God believes;
A p—m—t, or den of thieves;
A pickpurse at the bar or bench;
A duchess or a suburb-wench;
An House of Peers, a gaming crew,
A griping ————, or a Jew.
Or oft, when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink,
Like stepping-stones to save a stride
In streets where kennels are too wide;

Or like a heel-piece to support
A cripple, with one foot too short;
Or like a bridge that joins a marish
To moorlands of a different parish.
So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
Drag different ways in miry grounds;
So geographers in Afric-maps
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants, for want of towns.
But though you miss your third essay,
You need not throw your pen away.
Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
To spring more profitable game.
From party merit seek support;
The vilest verse thrives best at court:
And may you ever have the luck
To rhyme almost as ill as Duck;
And though you never learn'd to scan verse,
Come out with some lampoon on D'Anvers.
A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
Will never fail to bring in pence:
Nor be concern'd about the sale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.
Display the blessings of the nation,
And praise the whole administration:
Extol the bench of bishops round;
Who at them rail, bid —— confound:
To Bishop-haters answer thus,
(The only logic us'd by us)
What though they don't believe in ——,
Deny them Protestants—thou liest.
A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits every virtue round,

As emblems of the sovereign pow'r,
Like other baubles in the Tow'r;
Is generous, valiant, just, and wise,
And so continues till he dies:
His humble Senate this professes
In all their speeches, votes, addresses:
But once you fix him in a tomb,
His virtues fade, his vices bloom,
And each perfection, wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.
The loads of poems in his praise,
Ascending, make one funeral blaze;
His panegyrics then are ceas'd,
He grows a tyrant, dunce, or beast:
As soon as you can hear his knell,
This god on earth turns devil in hell:
And, lo! his ministers of state,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait,
Where, in the scenes of endless woe,
They ply their former arts below;
And as they sail in Charon's boat,
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote.
To Cerberus they give a sop,
His triple-barking-mouth to stop;
Or in the ivory-gate of dreams[2]
Project Excise and South-sea schemes;
Or hire their party-pamphleteers
To set Elysium by the ears.
  Then, poet! if you mean to thrive,
Employ your Muse on kings alive,
With prudence gathering up a cluster
Of all the virtues you can muster,

[2] Sunt geminæ somni portæ, &c.
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephante. VIRG.

While form'd into a garland sweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet,
Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will smile, and think them all his own:
For law and gospel doth determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine;
(I mean the oracles of both,
Who shall depose it upon oath.)
Your garland in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.
But if you think this trade too base,
(Which seldom is the dunce's case)
Put on the critic's brow, and sit
At Will's, the puny judge of wit.
A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile,
With caution us'd, may serve awhile:
Proceed no farther in your part
Before you learn the terms of art,
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern critics' jargon:
Then talk with more authentic face
Of unities in time and place;
Get scraps of Horace from your friends,
And have them at your fingers' ends;
Learn Aristotle's Rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote;
Judicious Rymer oft review,
Wise Dennis, and profound Bossu:
Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in,
Though merely writ at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling.

A forward critic often dupes us
With sham quotations *Peri Hupsous*[3],
And if we have not read Longinus,
Will magisterially outshine us.
Then, lest with Greek he over-run ye,
Procure the book, for love or money,
Translated from Boileau's translation[4],
And quote quotation on quotation.
At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Battus from the table-head,
Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgment with decisive air,
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle submits:
He gives directions to the Town
To cry it up, or run it down;
Like courtiers when they send a note,
Instructing members how to vote;
He sets the stamp of bad and good,
Though not a word be understood.
Your lesson learn'd, you'll be secure
To get the name of Connoisseur,
And when your merits once are known,
Procure disciples of your own:
For poets (you can never want 'em)
Spread through Augusta Trinobantum[5],
Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to just nine thousand souls:

3 A famous treatise of Longinus.

4 By Welsted.

5 The ancient name of London.

These o'er their proper districts govern,
Of wit and humour judges sov'reign.
In every street a city bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward;
His indisputed rights extend
Through all the lane, from end to end;
The neighbours round admire his shrewdness
For songs of loyalty and lewdness;
Outdone by none in rhyming well,
Although he never learn'd to spell.
Two bordering wits contend for glory,
And one is Whig and one is Tory;
And this for epics claims the bays,
And that for elegiac lays:
Some fam'd for numbers soft and smooth,
By lovers spoke in Punch's booth;
And some as justly fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield-drolls.
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Mævius reigns o'er Kentish-Town;
Tigellius, plac'd in Phœbus' car,
From Ludgate shines to Temple-bar;
Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court, with annual birthday strains;
Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace,
Where Pope will never show his face,
Where Young must torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.
But these are not a thousandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper station,
And all in due subordination,
Through every alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground,

And when they join their pericranies,
Out skips a book of Miscellanies.
Hobbes clearly proves that every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature;
The greater for the smaller watch,
But meddle seldom with their match.
A whale of moderate size will draw
A shoal of herrings down his maw;
A fox with geese his belly crams;
A wolf destroys a thousand lambs;
But search among the rhyming race,
The brave are worried by the base.
If on Parnassus' top you sit,
You rarely bite, are always bit:
Each poet of inferior size
On you shall rail and criticise,
And strive to tear you limb from limb,
While others do as much for him.
The vermin only tease and pinch
Their foes, superior by an inch.
So naturalists observe a flea
Hath smaller fleas, that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.
Thus every poet in his kind
Is bit by him that comes behind,
Who, though too little to be seen,
Can tease and gall, and give the spleen;
Call dunces, fools, and sons of whores,
Lay Grub-street at each other's doors;
Extol the Greek and Roman masters,
And curse our modern poetasters;
Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
How genius is no more rewarded;

How wrong a taste prevails among us;
How much our ancestors outsung us;
Can personate an awkward scorn
For those who are not poets born,
And all their brother-dunces lash,
Who crowd the press with hourly trash.
  O Grub-street! how do I bemoan thee,
Whose graceless children scorn to own thee;
Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country like a Scot,
Though by their idiom and grimace
They soon betray their native place;
Yet thou hast greater cause to be
Asham'd of them, than they of thee,
Degenerate from their ancient brood,
Since first the Court allow'd them food.
  Remains a difficulty still,
To purchase fame by writing ill.
From Flecknoe down to Howard's time
How few have reach'd the low sublime!
For when our high-born Howard died,
Blackmore alone his place supplied;
And lest a chasm should intervene,
When death had finish'd Blackmore's reign,
The leaden crown devolv'd to thee,
Great poet of the Hollow Tree[6]!
But, ah! how unsecure thy throne!
A thousand bards thy right disown:
Thy plot to turn, in factious zeal,
Duncinea to a common-weal,
And with rebellious arms pretend
An equal privilege to descend.

6 Lord Grimston, author of a play called Love in a Hollow Tree.

In bulk there are not more degrees
From elephants to mites in cheese,
Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.
From bad to worse and worse they fall;
But who can reach to worst of all?
For though in nature, depth and height
Are equally held infinite,
In poetry the height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.
For instance; when you rashly think
No rhymer can like Welsted sink;
His merits balanc'd, you shall find
The Laureat[7] leaves him far behind,
Concanen, more aspiring bard!
Soars downwards deeper by a yard.
Smart Jemmy Moore with vigour drops,
The rest pursue as thick as hops;
With heads to points the gulf they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the centre,
And as their heels elated rise,
Their heads attempt the nether skies.
O what indignity and shame,
To prostitute the Muse's name!
By flattering kings, whom Heaven design'd
The plagues and scourges of mankind,
Bred up in ignorance and sloth,
And every vice that nurses both.
Perhaps you say Augustus shines,
Immortal made in Virgil's lines,

7 In some editions, instead of the *Laureat*, was maliciously inserted *Mr. Fielding*, for whose ingenious writings the Author hath manifested a great esteem.

And Horace brought the tuneful quire
To sing his virtues on the lyre,
Without reproach for flattery; true,
Because their praises were his due:
For in those ages kings we find
Were animals of humankind,
But now go search all Europe round
Among the savage monsters ——
With vice polluting every throne
(I mean all ——s except our own)
In vain you make the strictest view
To find a —— in all the crew
With whom a footman out of place
Would not conceive an high disgrace,
A burning shame, a crying sin,
To take his morning's cup of gin.
'Thus all are destin'd to obey
Some beast of burden, or of prey.
''Tis sung Prometheus, forming man,
Through all the brutal species ran,
Each proper quality to find
Adapted to an human mind,
A mingled mass of good and bad,
The best and worst that could be had;
Then from a clay of mixture base
He shap'd a —— to rule the race,
Endued with gifts from every brute
That best the * * nature suit.
Thus think on ——s, the name denotes
Hogs, asses, wolves, baboons, and goats,
To represent in figure just,
Sloth, Folly, Rapine, Mischief, Lust.
Oh! were they all but Neb-cadnezers,
What herds of ——s would turn to graziers!

Fair Britain! in thy monarch blest,
Whose virtues bear the strictest test,
Whom never faction could bespatter,
Nor minister nor poet flatter.
What justice in rewarding merit!
What magnanimity of spirit!
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mien, and face!
Though peace with olive binds his hands,
Confess'd the conquering hero stands:
Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges[8],
Dread from his hand impending changes:
From him the Tartar and Chinese,
Short by the knees entreat for peace[9];
The consort of his throne and bed,
A perfect goddess born and bred,
Appointed sovereign-judge to sit
On learning, eloquence, and wit.
Our eldest hope, divine Iülus,
(Late, very late, O may he rule us!)
What early manhood has he shown,
Before his downy beard was grown!
Then think what wonders will be done
By going on as he begun;
An heir for Britain to secure
As long as sun and moon endure.
The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood;
Bright goddessès, in number five;
Duke William, sweetest prince alive!

[8] —— Super et Garamantas et Indos
Proferet imperium, &c.
—— Jam nunc et Caspia regna
Responsis horrent divum, &c.

[9] Genibus minor, &c.

Now sing the minister of state[10],
Who shines alone without a mate.
Observe with what majestic port
This Atlas stands to prop the court,
Intent the public debts to pay,
Like prudent Fabius[11], by delay.
Thou great vicegerent of the king!
Thy praises every Muse shall sing.
In all affairs thou sole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector!
Though small the time thou hast to spare,
The church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a stock
You choose to rule the sable flock!
You raise the honour of the peerage,
Proud to attend you at the steerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourself with humbler place.
Now learning, valour, virtue, sense,
To titles give the sole pretence.
St. George beheld thee with delight
Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,
When on thy breast and sides Herculean
He fix'd the star and string cerulean.
Say, poet! in what other nation
Shone ever such a constellation!
Attend, ye Popes! and Youngs! and Gays!
And tune your harps and strow your bays:
Your panegyrics here provide;
You cannot err on flattery's side:

10 Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford.
11 Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem.

Above the stars exalt your style,
You still are low ten thousand mile.
On Lewis all his bards bestow'd
Of incense many a thousand load,
But Europe mortified his pride,
And swore the fawning rascals ly'd:
Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,
Applied to George, exactly true is.
'Exactly true! invidious poet!
'Tis fifty thousand times below it.'
Translate me now some lines if you can,
From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan;
They could all power in heav'n divide,
And do no wrong to either side:
They teach you how to split a hair,
Give George and Jove an equal share[12].
Yet why should we be lac'd so strait?
I'll give my monarch butter-weight.
And reason good; for many a year
Jove never intermeddled here;
Nor though his priests be duly paid,
Did ever we desire his aid:
We now can better do without him,
Since Woolston gave us arms to rout him.

Cetera desiderantur.

[12] Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.

AN ANSWER TO

A SCANDALOUS POEM,

(Dr. Sheridan's New Simile for the Ladies.)

Wherein the author most audaciously presumes to cast an indignity upon their Highnesses the Clouds, by comparing them to a Woman.

WRITTEN BY DERMOT O-NEPHELY, CHIEF CAP OF HOWTH[1]. 1733.

PRESUMPTUOUS Bard! how could you dare
A woman with a cloud compare?
Strange pride and insolence you show
Inferior mortals there below:
And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or so loud as theirs?
Alas! our thunder soon goes out,
And only makes you more devout.
Then is not female clatter worse,
That drives you not to pray, but curse?
We hardly thunder thrice a-year;
The bolt discharg'd, the sky grows clear;
But every sublunary dowdy,
The more she scolds the more she's cloudy.
Some critic may object, perhaps,
That clouds are blam'd for giving claps;
But what, alas! are claps ethereal,
Compar'd for mischief, to venereal?

[1] The highest point of Howth is called the Cap of Howth.

Can clouds give buboes, ulcers, blotches,
Or from your noses dig out notches?
We leave the body sweet and sound;
We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.
You know a cloudy sky bespeaks
Fair weather, when the morning breaks;
But women in a cloudy plight
Foretel a storm to last till night.
A cloud in proper seasons pours
His blessings down in fruitful show'rs;
But woman was by Fate design'd
To pour down curses on mankind.
When Sirius o'er the welkin rages,
Our kindly help his fire assuages!
But woman is a curs'd inflamer;
No parish ducking-stool can tame her:
To kindle strife dame Nature taught her;
Like fireworks, she can burn in water.
For fickleness how durst you blame us,
Who for our constancy are famous?
You'll see a cloud in gentle weather
Keep the same face an hour together,
While women, if it could be reckon'd,
Change every feature every second.
Observe our figure in a morning,
Of foul or fair we give you warning;
But can you guess from woman's air,
One minute whether foul or fair?
Go read, in ancient books enroll'd,
What honours we possess'd of old.
To disappoint Ixion's rape,
Jove dress'd a cloud in Juno's shape,
Which when he had enjoy'd, he swore
No goddess could have pleas'd him more:

No difference could he find between
His cloud and Jove's imperial queen:
His cloud produc'd a race of Centaurs
Fam'd for a thousand bold adventures,
From us descended *ab origine*,
By learned authors call'd *Nubigenæ*.
But say, what earthly nymph do you know
So beautiful to pass for Juno?
  Before Æneas durst aspire
To court her Majesty of Tyre,
His mother begg'd of us to dress him,
That Dido might the more caress him:
A coat we gave him dy'd in grain,
A flaxen wig and clouded cane,
(The wig was powder'd round with sleet,
Which fell in clouds beneath his feet)
With which he made a tearing show,
And Dido quickly smok'd the beau.
  Among your females make inquiries,
What nymph on earth so fair as Iris?
With heavenly beauty so endued?
And yet her father is a cloud:
We dress'd her in a gold brocade,
Befitting Juno's favourite maid.
  'Tis known that Socrates the wise
Ador'd us clouds as deities;
To us he made his daily pray'rs,
As Aristophanes declares;
From Jupiter took all dominion,
And died, defending his opinion.
By his authority 'tis plain
You worship other gods in vain;
And from your own experience know
We govern all things there below:

You follow where we please to guide;
O'er all your passions we preside,
Can raise them up or sink them down,
As we think fit to smile or frown;
And just as we dispose your brain
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.
  Compare us then to female race!
We, to whom all the gods give place!
Who better challenge your allegiance,
Because we dwell in higher regions.
You find the gods in Homer dwell
In seas and streams, or low as hell;
Ev'n Jove, and Mercury his pimp,
No higher climb than Mount Olymp;
(Who makes you think the clouds he pierces?
He pierce the clouds! He kiss their a—es)
While we o'er Teneriffa plac'd,
Are loftier by a mile at least;
And when Apollo struts on Pindus,
We see him from our kitchen-windows;
Or to Parnassus looking down,
Can p—ss upon his laurel-crown.
  Fate never form'd the gods to fly;
In vehicles they mount the sky.
When Jove would some fair nymph inveigle,
He comes full gallop on his eagle.
Though Venus be as light as air,
She must have doves to draw her chair.
Apollo stirs not out of door
Without his lacker'd coach and four:
And jealous Juno, ever snarling,
Is drawn by peacocks in her berlin.
But we can fly where'er we please,
O'er cities, rivers, hills, and seas:

From east to west the world we roam,
And in all climates are at home;
With care provide you as we go
With sunshine, rain, and hail, or snow.
You, when it rains, like fools believe
Jove p-ss-s on you through a sieve;
An idle tale; 'tis no such matter;
We only dip a sponge in water,
Then squeeze it close between our thumbs,
And shake it well, and down it comes.
As you shall to your sorrow know,
We'll watch your steps where'er you go;
And since we find you walk a-foot,
We'll soundly souse your frieze-surtout.
'Tis but by our peculiar grace
That Phœbus ever shows his face;
For when we please we open wide
Our curtains blue, from side to side,
And then how saucily he shows
His brazen face and fiery nose,
And gives himself a haughty air,
As if he made the weather fair.
'Tis sung, wherever Celia treads
The violets ope their purple heads,
The roses blow, the cowslip springs;
'Tis sung, but we know better things.
'Tis true, a woman on her mettle
Will often p—ss upon a nettle;
But though we own she makes it wetter,
The nettle never thrives the better;
While we by soft prolific show'rs
Can every Spring produce you flow'rs.
Your poets, Chloe's beauty height'ning,
Compare her radiant eyes to lightning;

And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd
That lightning comes but from a cloud.
  But gods, like us, have too much sense
At poets' flights to take offence;
Nor can hyperboles demean us;
Each drab has been compar'd to Venus.
  We own your verses are melodious,
But such comparisons are odious.

A

CHARACTER, PANEGYRIC, AND DESCRIPTION

OF

THE LEGION-CLUB.

1735.

As I stroll the city, oft I
See a building large and lofty,
Not a bowshot from the college,
Half the globe from sense and knowledge;
By the prudent architect
Plac'd against the church direct,
Making good my grandame's jest,
'Near the church'—you know the rest.
  Tell us what the pile contains:—
Many a head that holds no brains.
These demoniacs let me dub
With the name of Legion-club.
Such assemblies, you might swear,
Meet when butchers bait a bear;
Such a noise, and such haranguing,
When a brother-thief is hanging;

Such a rout and such a rabble
Run to hear Jack-pudding gabble;
Such a crowd their ordure throws
On a far less villain's nose.
  Could I from the building's top
Hear the rattling thunder drop,
While the devil upon the roof
(If the devil be thunder-proof)
Should, with poker fiery-red,
Crack the stones and melt the lead,
Drive them down on every skull,
While the den of thieves is full,
Quite destroy that harpies' nest,
How might then our isle be blest?
For divines allow that God
Sometimes makes the devil his rod;
And the Gospel will inform us
He can punish sins enormous.
  Yet should Swift endow the schools
For his lunatics and fools
With a rood or two of land,
I allow the pile may stand.
You perhaps will ask me, Why so?
But it is with this proviso;
Since the house is like to last,
Let a royal grant be past,
That the Club have right to dwell
Each within his proper cell,
With a passage left to creep in,
And a hole above for peeping.
  Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin;
While they sit a-picking straws,
Let them rave of making laws;

While they never hold their tongue,
Let them dabble in their dung;
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and starve the city;
Let them stare, and storm, and frown,
When they see a clergy-gown;
Let them, ere they crack a louse,
Call for the' orders of the House;
Let them with their gosling-quills
Scribble senseless heads of bills:
We may, while they strain their throats,
Wipe our a——s with their votes.
  Let Sir Tom [1], that rampant ass,
Stuff his guts with flax and grass,
But before the priest he fleeces,
Tear the Bible all to pieces.
At the parsons, Tom, halloo, boy,
Worthy offspring of a shoeboy,
Footman, traitor, vile seducer,
Perjur'd rebel, brib'd accuser;
Lay thy privilege aside,
Sprung from Papist-regicide,
Fall a-working like a mole,
Raise the dirt about your hole.
  Come, assist me, Muse obedient!
Let us try some new expedient;
Shift the scene for half an hour,
Time and place are in thy pow'r.
Thither, gentle Muse! conduct me;
I shall ask, and you instruct me.
  See, the Muse unbars the gate!
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate!

[1] Sir Thomas Prendergrast, a privy counsellor.

All ye gods who rule the soul[2],
Styx! through hell whose waters roll,
Let me be allow'd to tell
What I heard in yonder cell.
Near the door an entrance gapes[3],
Crowded round with antic shapes,
Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
Causeless Joy, and true Despair,
Discord, periwig'd with snakes,
See the dreadful strides she takes.
By this odious crew beset,
I began to rage and fret,
And resolv'd to break their pates[4],
Ere we enter'd at the gates,
Had not Clio in the nick
Whisper'd me, 'Lay down your stick.'
'What, (said I,) is this the madhouse?'—
'These, (she answer'd,) are but shadows,
Phantoms, bodiless and vain,
Empty visions of the brain.'
In the porch Briareus stands,
Shows a bribe in all his hands[5];
Briareus the secretary,
But we mortals call him Carey.
When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for pence a-piece.
Clio, who had been so wise
To put on a fool's disguise,
To bespeak some approbation,
And be thought a near relation,

2 Di quibus imperium est animarum, &c.
Sit mihi fas audita loqui. VIRG. lib. iv.
3 Vestibulum ante ipsum, &c. Ibid.
4 Et ni docta comes, &c. Ibid.
5 Et centumgeminus Briareus, &c. Ibid.

When she saw three hundred brutes
All involv'd in wild disputes,
Roaring till their lungs were spent,
'Privilege of Parliament,'
Now a new misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by the' heels.
Never durst a Muse before
Enter that infernal door;
Clio stifled with the smell,
Into spleen and vapours fell,
By the Stygian steams that flew
From the dire infectious crew.
Not the stench of lake Avernus
Could have more offended her nose;
Had she flown but o'er the top,
She had felt her pinions drop,
And by exhalations dire,
Though a goddess, must expire.
In a fright she crept away;
Bravely I resolv'd to stay.
When I saw the keeper frown,
Tipping him with half-a-crown,
'Now, (said I,) we are alone,
Name your heroes one by one.
Who is that hell-featur'd brawler,
Is it Satan?'—'No, 'tis Waller.'—
'In what figure can a bard dress
Jack, the grandson of Sir Hardress?
Honest Keeper! drive him further,
In his looks are hell and murther;
See the scowling visage drop,
Just as when he murther'd T——p.
'Keeper, show me where to fix
On the puppy pair of Dicks;

By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might swear they both are brethren:
Dick Fitz-Baker, Dick the play'r,
Old acquaintance! are you there?
Dear companions; hug and kiss,
Toast Old Glorious in your p-ss.
Tie 'em, Keeper, in a tether,
Let 'em starve and stink together;
Both are apt to be unruly,
Lash 'em daily, lash 'em duly:
Though 'tis hopeless to reclaim them,
Scorpion-rods perhaps may tame them.
'Keeper, yon old dotard smoke,
Sweetly snoring in his cloak.
Who is he?'—'Tis humdrum Wynne,
Half encompass'd by his kin:
There observe the tribe of Bingham,
For he never fails to bring 'em;
While he sleeps the whole debate,
They submissive round him wait,
Yet would gladly see the hunks
In his grave, and search his trunks.
See, they gently twitch his coat,
Just to yawn, and give his vote,
Always firm in his vocation,
For the court against the nation.
'Those are A* * s Jack and Bob,
First in every wicked job,
Son and brother to a queer
Brainsick-brute, they call a Peer.
We must give them better quarter,
For their ancestor trod mortar,
And at H——th, to boast his fame,
On a chimney cut his name.

'There sit Clements, D—ks, and Harrison,
How they swagger from their garrison!
Such a triplet could you tell,
Where to find on this side hell?
Harrison, and D——, and Clements,
Keeper, see they have their payments:
Every mischief's in their hearts;
If they fail, 'tis want of parts.'
Bless us! Morgan! art thou there, man?
Bless mine eyes! art thou the chairman?
Chairman to yon damn'd committee?
Yet I look on thee with pity.
Dreadful sight! what, learned Morgan
Metamorphos'd to a gorgon!
For thy horrid looks, I own,
Half convert me to a stone:
Hast thou been so long at school
Now to turn a factious tool?
Alma Mater was thy mother,
Every young divine thy brother;
Thou, a disobedient varlet,
Treat thy mother like an harlot!
Thou, ungrateful to thy teachers,
Who are all grown reverend preachers!
Morgan, would it not surprise one?
Turn thy nourishment to poison?
When you walk among your books,
They reproach you with their looks;
Bind them fast, or from their shelves
They'll come down to right themselves:
Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
All in arms prepare to back us;
Soon repent, or put to slaughter
Every Greek and Roman author.

Will you in your faction's phrase
Send the clergy all to graze?
And, to make your project pass,
Leave them not a blade of grass?
How I want thee, humorous Hogarth;
Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art;
Were but you and I acquainted,
Every monster should be painted:
You should try your graving tools
On this odious group of fools;
Draw the beasts as I describe them
From their features, while I gibe them;
Draw them like, for I assure ye
You will need no car'catura;
Draw them so, that we may trace
All the soul in every face.
'Keeper, I must now retire,
You have done what I desire;
But I feel my spirits spent
With the noise, the sight, the scent.'—
'Pray be patient; you shall find
Half the best are still behind:
You have hardly seen a score,
I can show two hundred more.'—
'Keeper, I have seen enough:'
Taking then a pinch of snuff,
I concluded, looking round 'em,
May their god, the devil, confound 'em.
Take them, Satan, as your due,
All except the Fifty-two.

THE

LIFE AND GENUINE CHARACTER

OF THE REV. DR. SWIFT, D.S.P.D.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift, written by himself, being very much inquired after by his Friends, many of whom pretended to have genuine copies, although he never suffered any of them to take one, the following was published with breaks, dashes, and triplets, (which the Author never made use of) to disguise his manner of writing; by which, however, they were deceived, although the genuine one was not published until the year 1739; but, in order to oblige the reader, we published the following, (although he would not own it) which the best judges allow hath many fine strokes of wit and humour.

TO THE READER.

THIS poetical account of the Life and Character of the Rev. Dr. Swift, so celebrated through the world for his many ingenious writings, was occasioned by a maxim of Rochefoucault, and is now published from the Author's last correct copy, being dedicated by the publisher to Alexander Pope, of Twickenham, Esq.

TO

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

OF TWICKENHAM, IN THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX.

As you have been long an intimate friend of the Author of the following Poem, I thought you would not be displeased with being informed of some particulars how he came to write it, and how I, very innocently, procured a copy.

It seems the Dean, in conversation with some friends, said 'he could guess the discourse of the world concerning his character after his death, and thought it might be no improper subject for a poem.' This happened above a year before he finished it; for it was written by small pieces, just as leisure or humour allowed him.

He showed some parts of it to several friends, and when it was completed, he seldom refused the sight of it to any visitor; so that, probably, it hath been perused by fifty persons; which being against his usual practice, many people judged, likely enough, that he had a desire to make the people of Dublin impatient to see it published, and at the same time to disappoint them; for he never would be prevailed on to grant a copy, and yet several lines were retained by memory, and are often repeated in Dublin.

It is thought that one of his servants, in whom he had great confidence, and who had access to his closet, took an opportunity, while his master was riding some miles out of town, to transcribe the whole Poem; and it is probable that the servant lent it to others, who were not trusty, (as is generally the case.) By this accident I, having got a very correct copy from a friend in Dublin, lie under no obligation to conceal it.

I have shown it to very good judges, friends of the Dean, (if I may venture to say so to you, who are such a superior judge and poet) who are well acquainted with the Author's style and manner, and they all allow it to be genuine, as well as perfectly finished and correct; his particular genius

appearing in every line, together with his peculiar way of thinking and writing.

I should be very sorry to offend the Dean, although I am a perfect stranger to his person; but since the poem will infallibly be soon printed, either here, or in Dublin, I take myself to have the best title to send it to the press, and I shall direct the printer to commit as few errors as possible.

I am, Sir, with the greatest respect,
Your most obedient,
and most humble servant,

L. M.

THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF DR. SWIFT.

UPON A MAXIM IN ROCHEFOUCAULT.

Wise Rochefoucault a Maxim writ,
Made up of malice, truth, and wit:
If what he says be not a joke,
We mortals are strange kind of folk.
But hold.—Before we further go,
'Tis fit the Maxim we should know.
He says, 'Whenever Fortune sends
Disasters to our dearest friends,
Although we outwardly may grieve,
We oft are laughing in our sleeve.'
And when I think upon't, this minute,
I fancy there is something in it.

We see a comrade get a fall,
Yet laugh our hearts out, one and all.
Tom for a wealthy wife looks round,
A nymph that brings ten thousand pound:
He no where could have better pick'd;
A rival comes, and Tom—is nick'd.——
See how behave his friends profest,
They turn the matter to a jest;
Loll out their tongues, and thus they talk,
'Poor Tom has got a plaguy balk!'
I could give instances enough
That human friendship is but stuff.
Whene'er a flattering puppy cries
'You are his dearest friend,'—— he lies:
To lose a guinea at piquet
Would make him rage, and storm, and fret,
Bring from his heart sincerer groans
Than if he heard you broke your bones.
Come, tell me truly would you take well,
Suppose your friend and you were equal,
To see him always foremost stand,
Affect to take the upper hand,
And strive to pass in public view
For much a better man than you;
Envy, I doubt, would powerful prove,
And get the better of your love:
'Twould please your palate, like a feast,
To see him mortified at least.——
'Tis true, we talk of friendship much,
But who are they that can keep touch?——
True friendship in two breasts requires
The same aversions and desires:
My friend should have, when I complain,
A fellow-feeling of my pain.

Yet, by experience, oft we find
Our friends are of a different mind;
And were I tortur'd with the gout,
They'd laugh to see me make a rout,
Glad that themselves could walk about.
Let me suppose two special friends,
And each to poetry pretends;
Would either poet take it well
To hear the other bore the bell?——
His rival for the chiefest reckon'd,
Himself pass only for the second!——
When you are sick, 'your friends, you say,
Will send their Howd'ye's every day.'
Alas! that gives you small relief——
They send for manners—not for grief:—
Nor, if you died, would fail to go
That evening to a puppet-show;——
Yet come in time to show their loves,
And get a hatband, scarf, and gloves.
To make these truths the better known,
Let me suppose the case my own.
The day will come, when't shall be said,
'D'ye hear the news?—the Dean is dead.—
Poor man! he went all on a sudden.—
H'as dropt, and giv'n the crow a pudding.'
'What money was behind him found?'—
'I hear about two thousand pound.'——
''Tis own'd he was a man of wit.'—
'Yet many a foolish thing he writ.'——
'And sure he must be deeply learn'd.'—
'That's more than ever I discern'd.'—
'I know his nearest friends complain
He was too airy for a Dean.'——

'He was an honest man, I'll swear.'——
'Why, Sir, I differ from you there;
For I have heard another story;
He was a most confounded Tory.'—
'Yet here we had a strong report
That he was well receiv'd at Court.'——
'Why, then it was, I do assert,
Their goodness more than his desert.——
He grew, or else his comrades lied,
Confounded dull—before he died.
He hop'd to have a lucky hit,
Some medals sent him for his wit;
But truly there the Dean was bit.'——
'And yet, I think, for all your jokes,
His claim as good as other folks.——
Must we the Drapier then forget?
Is not our nation in his debt?
'Twas he that writ the Drapier's Letters.'—
'He should have left them for his betters;
We had an hundred abler men,
Nor need depend upon his pen.——
Say what you will about his reading,
You never can defend his breeding,
Who in his satires running riot,
Could never leave the world in quiet——
Attacking when he took the whim,
Court, city, camp, all one to him.——
But why should he, except he slobber'd,
Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert!
Whose counsels aid the sovereign pow'r,
To save the nation every hour?
What scenes of evil he unravels,
In satires, libels, lying Travels!

Nót sparing his own clergy-cloth,
But eats into it like a moth.'——
'If he makes mankind bad as elves,
I answer, they may thank themselves:
If vice can ever be abash'd,
It must be ridicul'd or lash'd.'
'But if I chance to make a slip,
What right had he to hold the whip?'
'If you resent it, who's to blame?
He neither knew you nor your name.
Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,
Because its owner is a duke?
Vice is a vermin, sportsmen say;
No vermin can demand fair play,
But every hand may justly slay.'
'I envy not the wits who write
Merely to gratify their spite;
Thus did the Dean; his only scope
Was to be held a misanthrope:
This into general odium drew him,
Which if he lik'd, much good may't do him:
This gave him enemies in plenty,
Throughout two realms nineteen in twenty.
His zeal was not to lash our crimes,
But discontent against the times:
For had we made him timely offers,
To raise his post or fill his coffers,
Perhaps he might have truckled down,
Like other brethren of his gown.
For party he would scarce have bled—
I say no more—because he's dead.'—
'But who could charge him to his face,
That e'er he cring'd to men in place?

His principles, of ancient date,
Ill suit with those profess'd of late:
The Pope, or Calvin, he'd oppose,
And thought they both were equal foes;
That church and state had suffer'd more
By Calvin than the Scarlet Whore;
Thought Popish and fanatic zeal
Both bitter foes to Britain's weal.
The Pope would of our faith bereave us—
But still our monarchy would leave us—
Not so the vile fanatic crew,
That ruin'd church and monarch too.

'Supposing these reflections just,
We should indulge the Dean's disgust,
Who saw this factious tribe caress'd,
And lovers of the church distress'd—
The patrons of the good old cause
In senates sit, in making laws;
The most malignant of the herd
In surest way to be preferr'd—
And preachers find a better quarter
For railing at the Royal Martyr.

'Whole swarms of sects, with grief, he saw,
More favour'd than the church by law;
Thought Protestant too good a name
For canting hypocrites to claim,
Whose protestation hides a sting
Destructive to the church and king;
Which might as well, in his opinion,
Become an Atheist or Socinian.

'A Protestant's a special clinker;
It serves for sceptic and freethinker;
It serves for stubble, hay, and wood;
For every thing—but what it should.'

'What writings has he left behind?'—
'I hear they're of a different kind.
A few in verse, but most in prose'—
'Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose—
All scribbled in the worst of times,
To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes,
To praise Queen Anne; nay, more, defend her,
As never favouring the Pretender,—
Or libels, yet conceal'd from sight,
Against the Court, to show his spite;
Perhaps his Travels, part the third,
A lie at every second word,
Offensive to a loyal ear—
But—not one sermon, you may swear.'—
'Sir, our accounts are different quite,
And your conjectures are not right;
'Tis plain his writings were design'd
To please and to reform mankind;
And if he often miss'd his aim,
The world must own it, to their shame,
The praise is his, and theirs the blame.
Then since you dread no further lashes,
You freely may forgive his ashes.'

MISCELLANIES,

FROM 1689 TO 1739, WITHOUT DATE.

THE ELEPHANT:

OR, THE PARLIAMENT-MAN.

Taken from Coke's Institutes.

ERE bribes convince you whom to choose,
The precepts of Lord Coke peruse.
'Observe an elephant, (says he)
And let like him your member be.
First take a man that's free from gall,
For Elephants have none at all:
In flocks or parties he must keep,
For Elephants live just like sheep;
Stubborn in honour he must be,
For Elephants ne'er bend the knee;
Last, let his memory be sound,
In which your Elephant's profound,
That old examples from the wise
May prompt him, in his Noes and Ayes.'
Thus the Lord Coke hath gravely writ,
In all the form of lawyers' wit;
And then with Latin, and all that,
Shows the comparison is pat.
Yet in some points my Lord is wrong;
One's teeth are sold, and t'other's tongue:

Now men of Parliament, God knows,
Are more like Elephants of shows,
Whose docile memory and sense,
Are turn'd to trick to gather pence.
To get their master half-a-crown,
They spread their flag or lay it down:
Those who bore bulwarks on their backs,
And guarded nations from attacks,
Now practise every pliant gesture,
Opening their trunk for every tester.
Siam, for Elephants so fam'd,
Is not with England to be nam'd;
There Elephants by men are sold;
Ours sell themselves, and take the gold.

TO MR. POPE,

WHILE HE WAS WRITING THE DUNCIAD.

Pope has the talent well to speak,
  But not to reach the ear;
His loudest voice is low and weak,
  The Dean too deaf to hear.

Awhile they on each other look,
  Then different studies choose;
The Dean sits plodding on a book,
  Pope walks, and courts the Muse.

Now backs of letters, though design'd
  For those who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with hints, and interlin'd,
  Himself can hardly read 'em.

Each atom, by some other struck,
All turns and motions tries,
Till in a lump together stuck,
Behold a poem rise!

Yet to the Dean his share allot,
He claims it by a canon,
'That without which a thing is not,
Is *causa sine quâ non*.'

Thus, Pope, in vain you boast your wit;
For had our deaf divine
Been for your conversation fit,
You had not writ a line.

Of prelate thus for preaching fam'd
The Sexton reason'd well,
And justly half the merit claim'd,
Because he rang the bell.

ON THE

COUNTESS OF BURLINGTON

CUTTING PAPER.

Pallas grew vaporish once, and odd;
She would not do the least right thing
Either for goddess or for god,
Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor sing.

Jove frown'd, and 'Use (he cried) those eyes
So skilful, and those hands so taper;
Do something exquisite and wise:'—
She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut paper.

This vexing him who gave her birth,
  Thought by all heav'n a burning shame,
What does she next, but bids on earth
  Her Burlington do just the same?

Pallas, you give yourself strange airs;
  But sure you'll find it hard to spoil
The sense and taste of one that bears
  The name of Savile and of Boyle.

Alas! one bad example shown,
  How quickly all the sex pursue!
See, Madam! see the arts o'erthrown
  Between John Overton and you.

THE STORM:

MINERVA'S PETITION.

Pallas, the goddess chaste and wise,
Descending lately from the skies,
To Neptune went, and begg'd in form
He'd give his orders for a Storm;
A Storm to drown that rascal Horte,
And she would kindly thank him for't;
A wretch! whom English rogues to spite her,
Had lately honour'd with a mitre.
  The god, who favour'd her request,
Assur'd her he would do his best;
But Venus had been there before,
Pleaded the bishop lov'd a w—,
And had enlarg'd her empire wide,
Nor own'd a deity beside;

By sea or land if e'er you found him
Without a mistress, hang or drown him.
Since Burnet's death the bishop's bench,
Till Horte arriv'd, ne'er kept a wench;
If he must sink, she grieves to tell it,
She'll not have left one single prelate,
For to say truth she did intend him
Elect of Cyprus, *in commendam*.
Then Proteus urg'd the same request,
But half in earnest, half in jest;
Said he—'Great Sovereign of the main!
To drown him all attempts are vain;
Horte can assume more forms than I,
A rake, a bully, pimp, or spy;
Can creep or run, can fly or swim;
All motions are alike to him:
Turn him adrift, and you shall find
He knows to sail with every wind;
Or throw him overboard, he'll ride
As well against, as with the tide.
But, Pallas, you've applied too late,
For 'tis decreed by Jove and Fate
That Ireland must be destroy'd,
And who but Horte can be employ'd?
You need not then have been so pert,
In sending Bolton to Clonfert;
I found you did it, by your grinning;
Your business is to mind your spinning.
But how you came to interpose
In making bishops, no one knows.
And if you must have your petition,
There's Berkeley in the same condition;
Look, there he stands, and 'tis but just
If one must drown, the other must;

But if you'll leave us Bishop Judas,
We'll give you Berkeley for Bermudas[1].
Now if 'twill gratify your spite,
To put him in a plaguy fright,
Although 'tis hardly worth the cost,
You soon shall see him soundly tost.
You'll find him swear, blaspheme, and damn
(And every moment take a dram)
His ghostly visage with an air
Of reprobation and despair;
Or else some hiding hole he seeks;
For fear the rest should say he squeaks;
Or as Fitzpatrick[2] did before,
Resolve to perish with his w—;
Or else he raves, and roars, and swears,
And, but for shame, would say his pray'rs.
Or would you see his spirits sink,
Relaxing downwards in a stink?
If such a sight as this can please ye,
Good Mrs. Pallas! pray be easy;
To Neptune speak, and he'll consent;
But he'll come back the knave he went.'
The goddess, who conceiv'd an hope
That Horte was destin'd to a rope,
Believ'd it best to condescend
To spare a foe, to save a friend;
But fearing Berkeley might be scar'd,
She left him Virtue for a guard.

1 Dr. George Berkeley, Dean of Derry, and afterwards Bishop of Cloyne, was then full of his project of erecting a college at Bermudas.

2 Brigadier Fitzpatrick was drowned in one of the packet-boats in the bay of Dublin.

THE

PLACE OF THE DAMNED.

All folks, who pretend to religion and grace,
Allow there's a Hell, but dispute of the place;
But if Hell may by logical rules be defin'd
The Place of the Damn'd—I'll tell you my mind.
Wherever the Damn'd do chiefly abound,
Most certainly there is Hell to be found:
Damn'd poets, damn'd critics, damn'd blockheads, damn'd knaves,
Damn'd senators brib'd, damn'd prostitute slaves;
Damn'd lawyers and judges, damn'd lords and damn'd squires;
Damn'd spies and informers, damn'd friends and damn'd liars;
Damn'd villains corrupted in every station;
Damn'd time-serving priests all over the nation:
And into the bargain I'll readily give you,
Damn'd ignorant prelates and counsellors privy.
Then let us no longer by parsons be flamm'd,
For we know by these marks the Place of the Damn'd;
And Hell to be sure is at Paris or Rome:
How happy for us that it is not at home!

AN APOLOGY.

A LADY, wise as well as fair,
Whose conscience always was her care,
Thoughtful upon a point of moment,
Would have the text as well as comment;
So hearing of a grave divine,
She sent to bid him come and dine.
But you must know he was not quite
So grave, as to be unpolite;
Thought human learning would not lessen
The dignity of his profession;
And if you'd heard the man discourse
Or preach, you'd like him scarce the worse.
He long had bid the court farewell,
Retreating silent to his cell,
Suspected for the love he bore
To one who sway'd some time before,
Which made it more surprising how
He should be sent for thither, now.
The message told, he gapes and stares,
And scarce believes his eyes or ears:
Could not conceive what it should mean,
And fain would hear it told again.
But then the squire, so trim and nice,
'Twere rude to make him tell it twice;
So bow'd; was thankful for the honour;
And would not fail to wait upon her.
His beaver brush'd, his shoes, and gown,
Away he trudges into town,

Passes the lower castle-yard,
And now advancing to the guard,
He trembles at the thoughts of state;
For, conscious of his sheepish gait,
His spirits of a sudden fail'd him;
He stopt, and could not tell what ail'd him.
What was the message I receiv'd?
Why, certainly the Captain rav'd?
To dine with her! and come at three!
Impossible! it can't be me.
Or, may be, I mistook the word;-
My Lady—it must be my Lord.
My Lord's abroad; my Lady too:
What must the' unhappy Doctor do?
'Is Captain Cracherode[1] here, pray!'—'No.'
Nay, then 'tis time for me to go.
Am I awake, or do I dream?
I'm sure he call'd me by my name;
Nam'd me as plain as he could speak,
And yet there must be some mistake.
Why, what a jest should I have been
Had now my Lady been within?
What could I've said? I'm mighty glad
She went abroad—she'd thought me mad.
The hour of dining now is past;
Well, then, I'll e'en go home and fast,
And since I 'scap'd being made a scoff,
I think I'm very fairly off.
My Lady now returning home,
Calls, 'Cracherode! is the Doctor come?'
He had not heard of him.——'Pray see,
'Tis now a quarter after three.'

[1] The gentleman who brought the message.

The Captain walks about, and searches
Through all the rooms, and courts, and arches;
Examines all the servants round,
In vain—no Doctor's to be found.
My Lady could not choose but wonder:
'Captain, I fear you've made some blunder:
But pray, to-morrow go at ten,
I'll try his manners once again;
If rudeness be the' effect of knowledge,
My son shall never see a college.'
The Captain was a man of reading,
And much good sense, as well as breeding,
Who, loth to blame or to incense,
Said little in his own defence.
Next day another message brought;
The Doctor, frighten'd at his fault,
Is dress'd, and stealing through the crowd,
Now pale as death, then blush'd and bow'd,
Panting—and faltering—humm'd and ha'd:
Her Ladyship was gone abroad;
The Captain too—He did not know
Whether he ought to stay or go;
Begg'd she'd forgive him. In conclusion,
My Lady, pitying his confusion,
Call'd her good nature to relieve him;
Told him she thought she might believe him,
And would not only grant his suit,
But visit him and eat some fruit;
Provided, at a proper time,
He told the real truth in rhyme.
'Twas to no purpose to oppose;
She'd hear of no excuse in prose.
The Doctor stood not to debate,
Glad to compound at any rate;

So bowing, seemingly complied,
Though, if he durst, he had denied.
But first resolv'd to show, his taste
Was too refin'd to give a feast;
He'd treat with nothing that was rare,
But winding walks and purer air;
Would entertain without expense,
Or pride or vain magnificence;
For well he knew to such a guest
The plainest meals must be the best.
To stomachs clogg'd with costly fare
Simplicity alone is rare,
Whilst high, and nice, and curious meats,
Are really but vulgar treats:
Instead of spoils of Persian looms,
The costly boasts of regal rooms,
Thought it more courtly and discreet
To scatter roses at her feet;
Roses of richest die, that shone
With native lustre like her own;
Beauty that needs no aid of art
Through every sense to reach the heart.
The gracious dame, though well she knew
All this was much beneath her due,
Lik'd every thing—at least thought fit
To praise it *par maniere d'acquit:*
Yet she, though seeming pleas'd, can't bear
The scorching sun or chilling air;
Disturb'd alike at both extremes,
Whether he shows or hides his beams:
Though seeming pleas'd at all she sees,
Starts at the ruffling of the trees:
And scarce can speak for want of breath,
In half a walk fatigued to death.

The Doctor takes his hint from hence,
To' apologize his late offence:
'Madam, the mighty power of use
Now strangely pleads in my excuse.
If you, unus'd, have scarcely strength
To gain this walk's untoward length;
If frighten'd at a scene so rude,
Through long disuse of solitude;
If, long confin'd to fires and screens,
You dread the waving of these greens;
If you, who long have breath'd the fumes
Of city-fogs and crowded rooms,
Do now solicitously shun
The cooler air and dazzling sun;
If his majestic eye you flee,
Learn hence to' excuse and pity me.
Consider what it is, to bear
The powder'd courtier's witty sneer;
To see the' important man of dress
Scoffing my college-awkwardness;
To be the strutting cornet's sport,
To run the gauntlet of the Court,
Winning my way by slow approaches,
Through crowds of coxcombs and of coaches,
From the first fierce cockaded centry,
Quite through the tribe of waiting gentry;
To pass so many crowded stages,
And stand the staring of your pages;
And, after all, to crown my spleen,
Be told——you are not to be seen;
Or, if you are, be forc'd to bear
The awe of your majestic air:
And can I then be faulty found,
In dreading this vexatious round?

Can it be strange, if I eschew
A scene so glorious and so new?
Or is he criminal, that flies
The living lustre of your eyes?'

TIM AND THE FABLES.

(FROM THE TENTH INTELLIGENCER.)

My meaning will be best unravell'd
When I premise that Tim has travell'd.
In Lucas's by chance there lay
The 'Fables writ by Mr. Gay.'
Tim set the volume on a table,
Read over here and there a fable,
And found, as he the pages twirl'd,
The Monkey who had seen the World;
(For Tonson had, to help the sale,
Prefix'd a cut to every tale.)
The Monkey was completely dress'd,
The beau in all his airs express'd:
Tim, with surprise and pleasure staring,
Ran to the glass, and then comparing
His own sweet figure with the print,
Distinguish'd every feature in't,
The twist, the squeeze, the rump, the fidge, and all,
Just as they look'd in the original.
'By —— says Tim, (and let a f—)
This graver understood his art:
'Tis a true copy, I'll say that for't;
I well remember when I sat for't.
My very face, as first I knew it;
Just in this dress the painter drew it.'

Tim, with his likeness deeply smitten,
Would read what underneath was written,
The merry tale with moral grave.
He now began to storm and rave;
'The cursed villain! now I see
This was a libel meant at me:
Those scribblers grow so bold of late
Against us ministers of state!
Such Jacobites as he deserve——
Damme, (I say) they ought to starve.'
Dear Tim! no more such angry speeches;
Unbutton, and let down your breeches;
Tear out the tale, and wipe your a—,
I know you love to act a farce.

ON

DAN JACKSON'S PICTURE

CUT ON PAPER.

To fair Lady Betty, Dan sat for his picture,
And defied her to draw him so oft as he piqu'd her;
He knew she'd no pencil or colouring by her,
And therefore he thought he might safely defy her.
'Come sit,' says my Lady; then whips up her scissar,
And cuts out his coxcomb in silk in a trice, Sir.
Dan sat with attention, and saw, with surprise,
How she lengthen'd his chin, how she hollow'd his eyes;
But flatter'd himself with a secret conceit,
That his thin leathern jaws all her art would defeat.
Lady Betty observ'd it, then pulls out a pin,
And varies the grain of the stuff to his grin;

And to make roasted silk to resemble his rawbone,
She rais'd up a thread to the jet of his jaw-bone;
Till at length in exactest proportion he rose,
From the crown of his head to the arch of his nose.
And if Lady Betty had drawn him with wig and all,
'Tis certain the copy had outdone the original.
'Well, that's but my outside;' says Dan, with a vapour:
'Say you so? (says my Lady) I've lin'd it with paper.'

PATR. DELANY, *sculp.*

ANOTHER.

CLARISSA draws her scissars from the case,
To draw the lines of poor Dan Jackson's face;
One sloping cut, made forehead, nose, and chin,
A nick produc'd a mouth, and made him grin,
Such as in tailor's measure you have seen:
But still were wanting his grimalkin-eyes,
For which grey worsted stocking paint supplies.
The' unravell'd thread through needle's eye con-
'Transfer'd itself into his pasteboard-head. [vey'd,
How came the scissars to be thus outdone?
The needle had an eye, and they had none.
O wondrous force of art! now look at Dan——
You'd swear the pasteboard was the better man.
'The devil, (says he) the head is not so full'—
'Indeed it is; behold the paper skull.'

THO. SHERIDAN, *sculp.*

ANOTHER.

DAN's evil genius in a trice
Had stript him of his coin, at dice;
Chloe observing this disgrace,
On Pam cut out his rueful face;
'By G—, (says Dan) 'tis very hard,
Cut out at dice, cut out at card!'

G. ROCHFORD, *sculp.*

ON

THE FOREGOING PICTURE.

WHILST you three merry poets traffic
To give us a description graphic
Of Dan's large nose in modern Sapphic;

I spend my time in making sermons,
Or writing libels on the Germans,
Or murmuring at Whigs' preferments.

But when I would find rhyme for Rochfort,
And look in English, French, and Scotch, for't;
At last, I'm fairly forc'd to botch for't.

Bid Lady Betty recollect her,
And tell who was it could direct her
To draw the face of such a spectre.

I must confess that as to me, Sirs,
Though I ne'er saw her hold the scissars,
I now could safely swear it is her's.

'Tis true no nose could come in better;
'Tis a vast subject stuff'd with matter,
Which all may handle, none can flatter.

Take courage, Dan; this plainly shows,
That not the wisest mortal knows
What fortune may befal his nose.

Show me the brightest Irish toast,
Who from her lover e'er could boast
Above a song or two at most:

For thee three poets now are drudging all,
To praise the cheeks, chin, nose, the bridge, and all,
Both of the picture and original.

Thy nose's length and fame extend
So far, dear Dan! that every friend
Tries who shall have it by the end.

And future poets, as they rise,
Shall read, with envy and surprise,
Thy nose outshining Celia's eyes.

JON. SWIFT.

DAN JACKSON'S ANSWER.

My verse little better you'll find than my face is;
A word to the wise, ut pictura poesis.

THREE merry lads, with envy stung,
Because Dan's face is better hung,
Combin'd in verse to rhyme it down,
And in its place set up their own;
As if they'd run it down much better
By number of their feet in metre;
Or that its red did cause their spite,
Which made them draw in black and white.
Be that as 'twill, this is most true,
They were inspir'd by what they drew.
Let then such critics know, my face
Gives them their comeliness and grace,
Whilst every line of face does bring
A line of grace to what they sing.
But yet, methinks, though with disgrace
Both to the Picture and the face,
I name the men who do rehearse
The story of the Picture-farce.
The squire in French as hard as stone,
Or strong as rock, that's all as one,
On face on cards is very brisk, Sirs,
Because on them you play at whist, Sirs,
But much I wonder why my cranny
Should envied be by De-el-any;

And yet much more that half name-sake
Should join a party in the freak:
For sure I am, it was not safe
Thus to abuse his better half,
As I shall prove you, Dan, to be
Divisim and conjunctively;
For if Dan love not Sherry, can
Sherry be any thing to Dan?
This is the case, whene'er you see
Dan makes nothing of Sherry,
Or should Dan be by Sherry o'erta'en,
Then Dan would be poor Sheridane;
'Tis hard then he should be decried
By Dan, with Sherry by his side;
But if the case must be so hard,
That faces suffer by a card,
Let critics censure, what care I?
Backbiters only we defy,
Faces are free from injury.

DAN JACKSON'S REPLY.

WRITTEN BY THE DEAN, IN THE NAME OF DAN JACKSON.

WEARIED with saying grace and pray'r,
I hasten'd down to country air,
To read your Answer, and prepare
Reply to't.

But your fair lines so grossly flatter,
Pray do they praise me or bespatter?
I much suspect you mean the latter;
ah, Sly-boot!

It must be so; what else, alas!
Can mean my culling of a face,
And all that stuff of toilette, glass,
and box-comb?

But be't as 'twill, this you must grant,
That you're a daub, whilst I but paint;
Then which of us two is the quaint-
er coxcomb?

I value not your jokes of noose,
Your gibes, and all your foul abuse,
More than the dirt beneath my shoes,
nor fear it.

Yet one thing vexes me, I own,
Thou sorry scarecrow of skin and bone!
To be call'd lean by a skeleton,
who'd bear it?

'Tis true, indeed, to curry friends,
You seem to praise to make amends,
And yet before your stanza ends
you flout me

'Bout latent charms beneath my clothes;
For every one that knows me, knows
That I have nothing like my nose
about me.

I pass now where you fleer and laugh,
'Cause I call Dan my better half:
Oh, there you think you have me safe!
but hold, Sir;

Is not a penny often found
To be much greater than a pound?
By your good leave, my most profound
and bold Sir,

Dan's noble mettle, Sherry base;
So Dan's the better, though the less:
An ounce of gold's worth ten of brass
dull pedant.

As to your spelling, let me see,
If SHE makes sher, and RI makes ry;
Good Spelling-master! your cranny
has lead in't.

ANOTHER REPLY BY THE DEAN.

IN DAN JACKSON'S NAME.

THREE days for answer I have waited,
I thought an ace you'd ne'er have bated;
And art thou forc'd to yield, ill-fated
poetaster?

Henceforth acknowledge that a nose
Of thy dimension's fit for prose;
But every one that knows Dan, knows
thy master.

Blush for ill spelling, for ill lines,
And fly with hurry to Ramines;
Thy fame, thy genius now declines,
proud boaster.

I hear with some concern your roar,
And flying think to quit the score,
By clapping billets on your door
and posts, Sir.

Thy ruin, Tom, I never meant,
I'm griev'd to hear your banishment,
But pleas'd to find you do relent
and cry on.

I maul'd you when you look'd so bluff,
But now I'll secret keep your stuff;
For know prostration is enough
to the' lion.

SHERIDAN'S SUBMISSION.

WRITTEN BY THE DEAN.

Cedo jam, miseræ cognoscens præmia rixæ,
Si risca est, ubi tu pu sas, ego vapulo tantum.

Poor Sherry, inglorious,
To Dan the victorious,
Presents, as 'tis fitting,
Petition and greeting.

To you, victorious and brave,
Your now subdued and suppliant slave
Most humbly sues for pardon,
Who when I fought still cut me down,
And when I vanquish'd fled the town,
Pursu'd and laid me hard on.

Now, lowly crouch'd, I cry *peccavi*,
And, prostrate, supplicate *pour ma vie;*
Your mercy I rely on.
For you, my conqueror and my king,
In pardoning, as in punishing,
Will show yourself a lion.

Alas! Sir, I had no design,
But was unwarily drawn in,
For spite I ne'er had any;
'Twas the damn'd 'squire with the hard name;
The devil too that ow'd me a shame,
The Devil and Delany;

They tempted me to' attack your Highness,
And then, with wonted wile and slyness,
They left me in the lurch.
Unhappy wretch! for now, I ween,
I've nothing left to vent my spleen,
But ferula and birch;

And they, alas! yield small relief,
Seem rather to renew my grief,
My wounds bleed all anew;
For every stroke goes to my heart,
And at each lash I feel the smart
Of lash laid on by you.

TOM MULLINIX AND DICK.

Tom and Dick had equal fame,
And both had equal knowledge;
Tom could write and spell his name,
But Dick had seen the college.

Dick a coxcomb, Tom was mad,
And both alike diverting;
Tom was held the merrier lad,
But Dick the best at far—g.

Dick would cock his nose in scorn,
  But Tom was kind and loving;
Tom a footboy bred and born,
  But Dick was from an oven.

Dick could neatly dance a jig,
  But Tom was best at borees;
Tom would pray for every Whig,
  And Dick curse all the Tories.

Dick would make a woful noise,
  And scold at an election;
Tom huzza'd the blackguard boys,
  And held them in subjection.

Tom could move with lordly grace,
  Dick nimbly skip the gutter;
Tom could talk with solemn face,
  But Dick could better sputter.

Dick was come to high renown
  Since he commenc'd physician;
Tom was held by all the town
  The deeper politician.

Tom had the genteeler swing,
  His hat could nicely put on;
Dick knew better how to swing
  His cane upon a button.

Dick for repartee was fit,
  And Tom for deep discerning;
Dick was thought the brighter wit,
  But Tom had better learning.

Dick with zealous Noes and Ayes
  Could roar as loud as Stentor;
In the House 'tis all he says;
  But Tom is eloquenter.

DICK, A MAGGOT.

As when from rooting in a bin,
All powder'd o'er from tail to chin,
A lively Maggot sallies out,
You know him by his hazel snout:
So when the grandson of his grandsire
Forth issues wriggling, Dick Drawcansir,
With powder'd rump and back and side,
You cannot blanch his tawny hide,
For 'tis beyond the power of meal
The gipsy visage to conceal;
For, as he shakes his wainscot chops,
Down every mealy atom drops,
And leaves the tartar phiz, in show
Like a fresh t——d just dropt in snow.

DICK'S VARIETY.

Dull uniformity in fools
I hate, who gape and sneer by rules,
You, Mullinix, and slobbering C——,
Who every day and hour the same are;
That vulgar talent I despise
Of p—g in the rabble's eyes;
And when I listen to the noise
Of idiots roaring to the boys,
To better judgments still submitting,
I own I see but little wit in:
Such pastimes, when our taste is nice,
Can please at most but once or twice.

But then consider Dick, you'll find
His genius of superior kind;
He never meddles in the dirt,
Nor scours the streets without a shirt;
Though Dick, I dare presume to say,
Could do such feats as well as they.
Dick could venture every where,
Let the boys pelt him if they dare;
He'd have 'em tried at the assizes
For priests and Jesuits in disguises,
Swear they were with the Swedes at Bender,
And listing troops for the Pretender.
But Dick can f—t, and dance, and frisk,
No other monkey half so brisk;
Now has the Speaker by the ears,
Next moment in the House of Peers;
Now scolding at my Lady Eustace,
Or thrashing Baby in her new stays.
Presto, begone; with t'other hop
He's powdering in a barber's shop;
Now at the antechamber thrusting
His nose, to get the circle just in,
And damns his blood, that in the rear
He sees one single Tory there;
Then woe be to my Lord Lieutenant,
Again he'll tell him, and again, on't.

CLAD ALL IN BROWN.

(IMITATED FROM COWLEY.)

TO DICK.

FOULEST brute that stinks below,
  Why in this Brown dost thou appear
For wouldst thou make a fouler show,
  Thou must go naked all the year:
Fresh from the mud a wallowing sow
Would then be not so Brown as thou.

'Tis not the coat that looks so dun;
  His hide emits a foulness out;
Not one jot better looks the sun
  Seen from behind a dirty clout:
So t——ds within a glass enclose,
The glass will seem as brown as those.

Thou now one heap of foulness art;
  All outward and within is foul;
Condensed filth in every part,
  Thy body's clothed like thy soul;
Thy soul which, through thy hide of buff,
Scarce glimmers like a dying snuff.

Old carted bawds such garments wear,
  When pelted all with dirt they shine;
Such their exalted bodies are,
  As shrivell'd and as black as thine:
If thou wert in a cart, I fear
Thou wouldst be pelted worse than they're.

Yet when we see thee thus array'd,
The neighbours think it is but just
That thou shouldst take an honest trade,
And weekly carry out the dust:
Of cleanly houses who will doubt,
When Dick cries, 'Dust to carry out?'

VERSES

MADE FOR WOMEN WHO CRY APPLES, &c.

APPLES.

COME buy my fine wares,
Plumbs, Apples, and Pears,
A hundred a penny,
In conscience too many:
Come, will you have any?
My children are seven,
I wish them in Heaven;
My husband's a sot,
With his pipe and his pot,
Nor a farthing will gain 'em,
And I must maintain 'em.

ASPARAGUS.

RIPE 'Sparagrass,
Fit for lad or lass,
To make their water pass:
O! 'tis pretty picking
With a tender chicken.

ONIONS.

COME, follow me by the smell,
Here's delicate Onions to sell,
I promise to use you well.
They make the blood warmer;
You'll feed like a farmer;
For this is every cook's opinion,
No savoury dish without an Onion:
But lest your kissing should be spoil'd,
Your Onions must be th'roughly boil'd;
Or else you may spare
Your mistress a share,
The secret will never be known;
She cannot discover
The breath of her lover,
But think it as sweet as her own.

OYSTERS.

CHARMING Oysters I cry,
My Masters, come buy;
So plump and so fresh,
So sweet is their flesh,
No Colchester-oyster
Is sweeter and moister.
Your stomach they settle,
And rouse up your mettle:
They'll make you a dad
Of a lass or a lad;

And Madam, your wife,
They'll please to the life:
Be she barren, be she old,
Be she slut, or be she scold,
Eat my oysters, and lie near her,
She'll be fruitful, never fear her.

HERRINGS.

Be not sparing
Leave off swearing:
Buy my Herring
Fresh from Malahide[1],
Better ne'er was tried.
Come eat 'em with pure fresh butter and mustard,
Their bellies are soft, and as white as a custard.
Come, sixpence a dozen to get me some bread,
Or, like my own Herrings, I soon shall be dead.

ORANGES.

Come buy my fine Oranges, sauce for your veal,
And charming when squeez'd in a pot of brown ale:
Well roasted with sugar and wine in a cup,
They'll make a sweet bishop, when gentlefolks sup.

[1] Malahide, about five miles from Dublin, famous for herrings.

TO LOVE.

In all I wish how happy should I be,
Thou grand Deluder! were it not for thee?
So weak thou art, that fools thy power despise,
And yet so strong, thou triumph'st o'er the wise.
Thy traps are laid with such peculiar art,
They catch the cautious, let the rash depart.
Most nets are fill'd by want of thought and care,
But too much thinking brings us to thy snare,
Where held by thee, in slavery we stay,
And throw the pleasing part of life away.
But what does most my indignation move,
Discretion! thou wert ne'er a friend to Love;
Thy chief delight is to defeat those arts,
By which he kindles mutual flames in hearts:
While the blind loitering god is at his play,
Thou steal'st his golden-pointed darts away;
Those darts which never fail; and in their stead
Convey'st malignant arrows tipt with lead:
The heedless god, suspecting no deceits,
Shoots on, and thinks he has done wondrous feats;
But the poor nymph, who feels her vitals burn,
And from her shepherd can find no return,
Laments and rages at the power divine,
When, curs'd Discretion! all the fault was thine.
Cupid and Hymen thou hast set at odds,
And bred such feuds betwixt those kindred gods,
That Venus cannot reconcile her sons;
When one appears, away the other runs.
The former scales, wherein he use to poise
Love against love, and equal joys with joys,

Are now fill'd up with avarice and pride,
Where titles. power, and riches, still subside.
Then gentle Venus! to thy father run,
And tell him how thy children are undone;
Prepare his bolts to give one fatal blow,
And strike Discretion to the shades below.

THE FOLLOWING LINES WERE WROTE UPON A VERY OLD GLASS OF

SIR ARTHUR ACHESON'S.

Frail Glass! thou mortal art as well as I,
Though none can tell which of us first shall die.

ANSWERED EXTEMPORE

BY DR. SWIFT.

We both are mortal; but thou, frailer creature,
May'st die, like me, by chance, but not by nature.

VERSES

SAID TO BE WRITTEN ON THE UNION.

The Queen has lately lost a part
Of her entirely English heart,
For want of which, by way of botch,
She piec'd it up again with Scotch.
Bless'd revolution! which creates
Divided hearts, united states!
See how the double nation lies,
Like a rich coat with skirts of frieze;

As if a man in making posies
Should bundle thistles up with roses:
Who ever yet a Union saw
Of kingdoms, without faith or law?
Henceforward let no statesman dare
A kingdom to a ship compare,
Lest he should call our commonweal
A vessel with a double keel,
Which, just like our's, new rigg'd and mann'd,
And got about a league from land,
By change of wind to leeward side,
The pilot knew not how to guide:
So tossing faction will o'erwhelm
Our crazy double-bottom'd realm.

CATULLUS DE LESBIA.

Lesbia for ever on me rails;
To talk of me she never fails:
Now hang me, but for all her art
I find that I have gain'd her heart.
My proof is this: I plainly see
The case is just the same with me;
I curse her every hour sincerely,
Yet hang me but I love her dearly.

MR. JASON HASSARD,

A WOOLLEN-DRAPER IN DUBLIN, PUT UP THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE, AND DESIRED A MOTTO IN VERSE.

Jason, the valiant Prince of Greece,
From Colchos brought the Golden Fleece;
We comb the wool, refine the stuff;
For modern Jasons that's enough.
Oh! could we tame yon watchful Dragon[1],
Old Jason would have less to brag on.

THE

AUTHOR'S MANNER OF LIVING.

On rainy days alone I dine
Upon a chick and pint of wine:
On rainy days I dine alone,
And pick my chicken to the bone:
But this my servants much enrages;
No scraps remain to save board-wages.
In weather fine I nothing spend,
But often spunge upon a friend;
Yet where he's not so rich as I,
I pay my club, and so Good b'y'——

[1] England.

THE DISCOVERY.

When wise Lord Berkeley first came here,
Statesmen and mob expected wonders;
Nor thought to find so great a peer,
Ere a week past, committing blunders:

Till on a day cut out by Fate,
When folk came thick to make their court,
Out slipt a mystery of state,
To give the town and country sport.

Now enters Bush[1] with new state-airs,
His lordships' premier-minister,
And who in all profound affairs
Is held as needful as his clyster.

With head reclining on his shoulder
He deals and hears mysterious chat,
While every ignorant beholder
Asks of his neighbour, 'Who is that?'

With this he put up to my Lord,
The courtiers kept their distance due;
He twitch'd his sleeve, and stole a word,
Then to a corner both withdrew.

Imagine now my Lord and Bush
Whispering in junto most profound,
Like good King Phyz and good King Ush[2],
While all the rest stood gaping round.

1 My Lord's wise secretary.

2 *Vide* The Rehearsal.

At length a spark, not too well bred,
Of forward face and eer acute,
Advanc'd on tiptoe, lean'd his head,
To overhear the grand dispute;

To learn what northern kings design,
Or from Whitehall some new express,
Papists disarm'd, or fall of coin;
For, sure, thought he, it can't be less.

'My Lord, (said Bush) a friend and I,
Disguis'd in two old threadbare coats,
Ere morning's dawn stole out to spy
How markets went, for hay and oats.'

With that he draws two handfuls out,
The one was oats, the other hay;
Puts this to's Excellency's snout,
And begs he would the other weigh.

My Lord seems pleas'd, but still directs
By all means to bring down the rates;
Then with a congee circumflex
Bush, smiling round on all, retreats.

Our listener stood awhile confus'd,
But gathering spirits, wisely ran for't,
Enrag'd to see the world abus'd
By two such whispering kings of Brentford!

THE PROBLEM,

THAT MY LORD B—LEY STINKS WHEN HE'S IN LOVE.—

Did ever Problem thus perplex,
Or more employ the female sex?
So sweet a passion who would think
Jove ever form'd to make a stink?
The ladies vow and swear they'll try
Whether it be a truth or lie.
  Love's fire, it seems, like inward heat,
Works in my Lord by stool and sweat,
Which brings a stink from every pore,
And from behind and from before;
Yet, what is wonderful to tell it,
None but the favourite nymph can smell it.
But now, to solve the natural cause,
By sober philosophic laws,
Whether all passions, when in ferment,
Work out as anger does in vermin;
So when a weasel you torment,
You find his passion by his scent.
We read of kings who, in a fright,
Though on a throne, would fall to sh——.
Beside all this, deep scholars know
That the mainstring of Cupid's bow
Once on a time was an a—— gut,
Now to a nobler office put;
By favour or desert prefer'd
From giving passage to a t——;

But still, though fix'd among the stars,
Does sympathise with human a——.
Thus when you feel an hard-bound breech,
Conclude Love's bowstring at full stretch,
Till the kind looseness comes, and then
Conclude, the bow relax'd again.
  And now the ladies all are bent
To try the great experiment;
Ambitious of a regent's heart,
Spread all their charms to catch a f—;
Watching the first unsavoury wind,
Some ply before, and some behind.
My Lord on fire amidst the dames,
F—ts like a laurel in the flames,
The fair approach the speaking part,
To try the backway to his heart;
For as when we a gun discharge,
Although the bore be ne'er so large,
Before the flame from muzzle burst,
Just at the breech it flashes first;
So from my Lord his passion broke,
He f—ted first, and then he spoke.
  The ladies vanish in the smother,
To confer notes with one another:
And now they all agree to name
Whom each one thought the happy dame.
Quoth Neal, 'Whate'er the rest may think,
I'm sure 'twas I that smelt the stink.'
'You smell the stink! by G—, you lie,'
Quoth Ross; 'for I'll be sworn 'twas I.'
'Ladies,' quoth Levens, 'pray forbear,
Let's not fall out; we all had share;
And by the most I can discover,
My Lord's an universal lover.'

ON A PRINTER'S

BEING SENT TO NEWGATE BY ——.

Better we all were in our graves
Than live in slavery to slaves;
Worse than the anarchy at sea,
Where fishes on each other prey;
Where every trout can make as high rants
O'er his inferiors as our tyrants,
And swagger while the coast is clear;
But should a lordly pike appear,
Away you see the varlet scud,
Or hide his coward snout in mud.
Thus if a gudgeon meet a roach,
He dare not venture to approach,
Yet still has impudence to rise,
And, like Domitian, leap at flies.

ON THE LITTLE HOUSE

BY THE CHURCH-YARD OF CASTLENOCK.

Whoever pleaseth to inquire
Why yonder steeple wants a spire,
The grey old fellow, Poet Joe[1],
The philosophic cause will show.
Once on a time, a western blast
At least twelve inches overcast,
Reckoning roof, weathercock, and all,
Which came with a prodigious fall,

[1] Mr. Beaumont of Trim.

And tumbling topsyturvy round,
Light with its bottom on the ground;
For by the laws of gravitation
It fell into its proper station.
  This is the little strutting pile
You see just by the church-yard stile;
The walls in tumbling gave a knock,
And thus the steeple got a shock;
From whence the neighbouring farmer calls
The steeple Knock; the vicar, Walls[2].
  The vicar once a week creeps in,
Sits with his knees up to his chin:
Here cons his notes, and takes a whet,
Till the small ragged flock is met.
  A traveller, who by did pass,
Observ'd the roof behind the grass,
On tiptoe stood, and rear'd his snout,
And saw the parson creeping out;
Was much surpris'd to see a crow
Venture to build his nest so low.
A schoolboy ran unto't, and thought
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.
A third, who lost his way by night,
Was forc'd for safety to alight,
And stepping o'er the fabric-roof,
His horse had like to spoil his hoof.
  Warburton took it in his noddle
This building was design'd a model
Or of a pigeon-house or oven,
To bake one loaf or keep one dove in.
  Then Mrs. Johnson gave her verdict,
And every one was pleas'd that heard it:

2 Reverend Archdeacon Walls.

'All that you make this stir about
Is but a still, which wants a spout.'
The reverend Dr. Raymond guest
More probably than all the rest;
He said, 'but that it wanted room,
It might have been a Pigmy's tomb.'
  The Doctor's family came by,
And little Miss began to cry,
'Give me that house in my own hand:'
Then Madam bade the chariot stand,
Call'd to the clerk in manner mild;
'Pray reach that thing here, to the child;
That thing, I mean, among the kale;
And here's to buy a pot of ale.'
The clerk said to her, in a heat,
'What! sell my master's country-seat,
Where he comes every week from town?
He would not sell it for a crown.'
'Poh! fellow! keep not such a pother,
In half an hour thou'lt make another.'
  Says Nancy, 'I can make for Miss
A finer house ten times than this;
The dean will give me willow sticks,
And Joe, my apron full of bricks.'

THE DEAN'S ANSWER

TO SHERIDAN'S VERSES, UPON STEALING A CROWN WHEN THE DEAN WAS ASLEEP.

So, about twelve at night, the punk
Steals from the cully when he's drunk,
Nor is contented with a treat,
Without her privilege to cheat:

Nor can I the least difference find,
But that you left no clap behind.
But, jest apart, restore, you capon ye,
My twelve thirteens[1] and sixpence ha'penny.
To eat my meat, and drink my medlicot,
And then to give me such a deadly cut——
But 'tis observ'd that men in gowns
Are most inclin'd to plunder Crowns.
Could you but change a crown as easy
As you can steal one, how 'twould please ye!
I thought the Lady at St. Cath'rines[2]
Knew how to set you better patterns;
For this I will not dine with Agmondisham[3],
And for his victuals let a rag-man dish 'em.
Saturday night.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Dear Sheridan! a gentle pair
Of Gallstown lads (for such they are)
Besides a brace of grave divines,
Adore the smoothness of thy lines,
Smooth as our bason's silver flood,
Ere George had robb'd it of its mud;
Smoother than Pegasus' old shoe,
Ere Vulcan comes to make him new.
The board on which we set our a—s,
Is not so smooth as are thy verses,

1 An English shilling passes for thirteen pence in Ireland.

2 Lady Mountcashel.

3 Agmondisham Vesey, Esq. a very worthy gentleman, for whom the author had a great esteem.

Compar'd with which (and that's enough)
A smoothing-iron itself is rough.
Nor praise I less that circumcision,
By modern poets call'd Elision,
With which, in proper station plac'd,
Thy polish'd lines are firmly brac'd;
Thus, a wise tailor is not pinching,
But turns at every seam an inch in,
Or else, be sure, your broad-cloth breeches
Will ne'er be smooth, nor hold their stitches.
Thy verse, like bricks, defy the weather,
When smooth'd by rubbing them together:
Thy words so closely wedg'd and short are,
Like walls, more lasting without mortar:
By leaving out the needless vowels,
You save the charge of lime and trowels.
One letter still another locks,
Each groov'd and dove-tail'd, like a box.
Thy Muse is tuck'd up and succinct;
In chains thy syllables are linkt:
Thy words together tied in small hanks,
Close as the Macedonian phalanx;
Or like the umbo of the Romans,
Which fiercest foes could break by no means.
The critic to his grief will find
How firmly these indentures bind:
So in the kindred painters' art
The shortening is the nicest part.
  Philologers of future ages,
How will they pore upon thy pages!
Nor will they dare to break the joints,
But help thee to be read with points.
Or else, to show their learned labour, you
May backward be perus'd like Hebrew,

Wherein they need not lose a bit
Or of thy harmony or wit.
To make a work completely fine,
Number, and weight, and measure, join;
Then all must grant your lines are weighty,
Where thirty weigh as much as eighty.
All must allow your numbers more,
Where twenty lines exceed fourscore;
Nor can we think your measure short,
Where less than forty fill a quart,
With Alexandrine in the close,
Long, long, long, long! like Dan's long nose.

A REBUS,

WRITTEN BY A LADY[1] ON THE REVEREND DEAN SWIFT.

Cut the name of the man who his mistress denied,
And let the first of it be only applied,
To join with the prophet who David did chide;
Then say what a horse is that runs very fast,
And that which deserves to be first put the last;
Spell all then, and put them together to find
The name and the virtues of him I design'd.
Like the patriarch in Egypt, he's vers'd in the state;
Like the prophet in Jewry, he's free with the great;
Like a racer, he flies to succour with speed
When his friends want his aid, or Desert is in need.

[1] Mrs. Vanhomrigh.

THE

DEAN'S ANSWER.

THE nymph who wrote this in an amorous fit,
I cannot but envy the pride of her wit,
Which thus she will venture profusely to throw
On so mean a design, and a subject so low:
For mean's her design, and her subject as mean,
The first but a Rebus, the last but a Dean.
A Dean's but a parson; and what is a Rebus?
A thing never known to the Muses or Phœbus;
The corruption of verse; for when all is done,
It is but a paraphrase made on a pun.
But a genius like her's no subject can stifle,
It shows and discovers itself through a trifle.
By reading this trifle I quickly began
To find her a great wit, but the Dean a small man.
Rich ladies will furnish their garrets with stuff,
Which others for mantuas would think fine enough;
So the wit that is lavishly thrown away here,
Might furnish a second-rate poet a year.
Thus much for the verse; we proceed to the next,
Where the nymph has entirely forsaken her text.
Her fine panegyrics are quite out of season,
And what she describes to be merit is treason.
The changes which faction has made in the State,
Have put the Dean's politics quite out of date;
Now no one regards what he utters with freedom,
And should he write pamphlets, no great man would read 'em:
And should Want or Desert stand in need of his aid,
This racer would prove but a dull founder'd jade.

WRITTEN BY THE REV. DR. SWIFT.

ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS.

VERTIGINOSUS, inops, surdus, male gratus amicis;
Non campana sonans, tonitru non ab Jove missum,
Quod magè mirandum, saltem si credere fas est,
Non clamosa meas mulier jam percutit aures.

IN ENGLISH.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burden grown;
No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell:
At thunder now no more I start,
Than at the rumbling of a cart:
Nay, what's incredible, alack!
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

AN ANSWER

TO A CERTAIN DOCTOR'S COMPLAINT.

DOCTOR.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone.
ANS. Except the first, the fault's your own.
DOC. To all my friends a burden grown.
ANS. Because to few you will be shown.

Give them good wine and meat to stuff,
You may have company enough.
Doc. No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell:
Ans. Then write and read, 'twill do as well.
Doc. At thunder now no more I start
Than at the rumbling of a cart.
Ans. Think then of thunder when you f—t.
Doc. And what's incredible, alack!
No more I hear a woman's clack.
Ans. A woman's clack, if I have skill,
Sounds somewhat like a throwster's mill;
But louder than a bell or thunder,
That does, I own, increase my wonder.

PROBATUR ALITER.

A LONG-EAR'D beast, and a field-house for cattle,
Among the coals does often rattle.

A long-ear'd beast, a bird that prates,
The bridegroom's first gift to their mates,
Is by all pious Christians thought
In clergymen the greatest fault.

A long-ear'd beast, and a woman of Endor;
If your wife be a scold, that will mend her.

With a long-ear'd beast, and med'cines use,
Cooks make their fowl look tight and spruce.

A long-ear'd beast, and holy fable,
Strengthens the shoes of half the rabble.

A long-ear'd beast and Rhenish wine,
Lies in the lap of ladies fine.

A long-ear'd beast, and Flander's college,
Is Dr. T————l, to my knowledge.

A long-ear'd beast, and building knight,
Censorious people do in spite.

A long-ear'd beast, and bird of night,
We sinners are too apt to slight.

A long-ear'd beast, and shameful vermin,
A judge will eat, though clad in ermine.

A long-ear'd beast, and Irish cart,
Can leave a mark, and give a smart.

A long-ear'd beast, in mud to lie,
No bird in air so swift can fly.

A long-ear'd beast, and a sputtering old Whig,
I wish he were in it and dancing a jig.

A long-ear'd beast, and liquor to write,
Is a damnable smell both morning and night.

A long-ear'd beast, and the child of a sheep,
At whist they will make a desperate sweep.

A beast long-ear'd, and till midnight you stay,
Will cover a house much better than clay.

A long-ear'd beast, and the drink you love best,
You call him a sloven in earnest or jest.

A long-ear'd beast, and the sixteenth letter,
I'd not look at all, unless I look'd better.

A long-ear'd beast give me, and eggs unsound,
Or else I will not ride one inch of ground.

A long-ear'd beast, another name for jeer,
To ladies' skins there's nothing comes so near.

A long-ear'd beast, and kind noise of a cat,
Is useful in journies, take notice of that.

A long-ear'd beast, and what seasons your beef,
On such an occasion the law gives relief.

A long-ear'd beast, a thing that force must drive in,
Bears up his house, that's of his own contriving.

TOM'S METAMORPHOSIS

INTO A POET AND SPANIEL.

Tom was a little merry grig,
Fiddled and danc'd to his own jig;
Good-natur'd, but a little silly,
Irresolute, and shally shilly;
What he should do he could not guess;
They mov'd him like a man at chess.
Swift told him once that he had wit;
Swift was in jest, poor Tom was bit;
Thought himself son of second Phœbus,
For ballad, pun, lampoon, and rebus.
He took a draught of Helicon,
But swallow'd so much water down,

He got a dropsy: now they say 'tis
Turn'd to poetic diabetes,
And all the liquor he has past,
Is without spirit, salt, or taste.
But, since it past, Tom thought it wit;
And therefore writ, and writ, and writ.
He writ The Wonder of all Wonders,
He writ The Blunder of all Blunders;
He writ A Merry Farce for Poppet,
Taught actors how to squeak and hop it;
A Treatise on the Wooden Man[1];
A Ballad on the Nose of Dan[2];
The Art of making April-Fools,
And four-and-thirty Punning Rules.
The learned say, that Tom went snacks
With philomaths for almanacs;
Though they divided are, and some say
He writ for Whaley, some for Campsay[3].
Hundreds there are who will make oath
He wrote alternately for both;
For though they made the calculations,
Tom writ the monthly observations.
Such were his writings; but his chatter
Was one continued clitter clatter.
Swift slit his tongue, and made him talk,
Cry 'Cup of Sack,' and, 'Walk, Knaves, walk;'
And fitted little prating Poll
For wiry cage in common hall;
Made him expert at quibble jargon,
And quaint at selling of a bargain.

1 The sign of a Wooden Man in Essex Street, Dublin.
2 A person remarkable for a nose of an enormous size.
3 Two almanac-makers in Dublin.

Poll he could talk in different linguos,
But he could never learn distinguos.
Swift tried in vain, and angry thereat,
Into a Spaniel turn'd his Parrot;
Made him to walk on his hind legs,
And now he dances, fawns, and begs;
Then cuts a caper o'er a stick,
Lies close, will whine, and creek, and lick.
Swift puts a bit upon his snout,
Poor Tom he dares not look about;
But soon as Swift once gives the word,
He snaps it up, though 'twere a t—d.

ON

THE HERMITAGE AT RICHMOND.

Lewis the living learned fed,
And rais'd the scientific head;
Our frugal Queen, to save her meat,
Exhalts the heads that cannot eat.

A CONCLUSION

DRAWN FROM THE ABOVE EPIGRAM, AND SENT TO THE DRAPIER.

Since Anna, whose bounty thy merits had fed,
Ere her own was laid low had exalted thy head;
And since our good Queen to the wise is so just,
To raise heads for such as are humbled in dust,
I wonder, good man! that you are not envaulted;
Prithee go and be dead, and be doubly exalted.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER.

HER Majesty never shall be my exalter;
And yet she would raise me, I know—by a halter.

BILLET

TO THE COMPANY OF PLAYERS.

THE enclosed Prologue is formed upon the story of the Secretary's not suffering you to act unless you would pay him 300*l. per ann.* upon which you got a licence from the Lord Mayor to act as strollers.

The Prologue supposes, that upon your being forbidden to act, a company of country-strollers came and hired the playhouse and your clothes, &c. to act in.

THE PROLOGUE.

OUR set of strollers, wandering up and down,
Hearing the House was empty, came to Town,
And with a licence from our good Lord May'r,
Went to one Griffith, formerly a play'r;
Him we persuaded, with a moderate bribe,
To speak to Elrington and all the tribe,
To let our company supply their places,
And hire us out their scenes, and clothes, and faces.
Is not the truth the truth? look full on me;
I am not Elrington, nor Griffith he.
When we perform, look sharp among our crew,
There's not a creature here you ever knew.

The former folks were servants to the king,
We, humble strollers, always on the wing.
Now, for my part, I think, upon the whole,
Rather than starve, a better man would stroll.
Stay, let me see—Three hundred pounds a year,
For leave to act in Town? 'tis glaguy dear.
Now here's a warrant; Gallants! please to mark,
For three thirteens and sixpence to the clerk.
Three hundred pounds! were I the price to fix,
The public should bestow the actors six
A score of guineas, given underhand,
For a good word or so we understand.
To help an honest lad that's out of place
May cost a crown or so; a common case:
And in a crew 'tis no injustice thought
To ship a rogue, and pay him not a groat;
But in the chronicles of former ages,
Who ever heard of servants paying wages?
I pity Elrington with all my heart;
Would he were here this night, to act my part.
I told him what it was to be a stroller,
How free we acted, and had no controller.
In every town we wait on Mr. May'r,
First get a licence, then produce our ware:
We sound a trumpet, or we beat a drum;
'Huzza! (the schoolboys roar) the players are come!'
And then we cry, to spur the bumkins on,
'Gallants! by Tuesday next we must be gone.'
I told him, in the smoothest way I could,
All this and more, yet it would do no good:
But Elrington, tears falling from his cheeks,
He that has shone with Betterton and Weeks,

To whom our country has been always dear,
Who chose to leave his dearest pledges here,
Owns all your favours; here intends to stay,
And as a stroller act in every play:
And the whole crew this resolution takes,
To live and die all strollers for your sakes;
Not frighted with an ignominious name,
For your displeasure is their only shame.
A pox on Elrington's majestic tone!
Now to a word of business in our own.
Gallants! next Thursday night will be our last;
Then, without fail, we pack up for Belfast:
Lose not your time, nor our diversions miss,
The next we act shall be as good as this.

ON THE ARCHBISHOP OF

CASHEL AND BETTESWORTH.

Dear Dick! prithee tell by what passion you move;
The world is in doubt whether hatred or love;
And while at good Cashel you rail with such spite,
They shrewdly suspect it is all but a bite.
You certainly know, though so loudly you vapour,
His spite cannot wound who attempted the Drapier:
Then prithee reflect, take a word of advice,
And, as your old wont is, change sides in a trice:
On his virtues hold forth, 'tis the very best way,
And say of the man, what all honest men say.
But if, still obdurate, your anger remains,
If still your foul bosom more rancour contains,

Say then more than they; nay, lavishly flatter,
'Tis your gross panegyrics alone can bespatter;
For thine, my dear Dick! give me leave to speak plain,
Like a very foul mop, dirty more than they clean.

DR. SWIFT TO HIMSELF.

ON SAINT CECILIA'S DAY.

GRAVE Dean of St. Patrick's, how comes it to pass
That you, who know music no more than an ass,
That you, who so lately were writing of Drapiers,
Should lend your Cathedral to players and scrapers?
To act such an opera once in a year,
So offensive to every true Protestant ear,
With trmupets, and fiddles, and organs, and singing,
Will sure the Pretender and Popery bring in.
No Protestant prelate, his Lordship or Grace,
Durst there show his Right or Most Reverend face:
How would it pollute their crosiers and rochets
To listen to minims, and quavers, and crotchets?
The rest is wanting.

TWELVE ARTICLES.

LEST it may more quarrels breed,
I will never hear you read.

By disputing I will never
To convince you once endeavour.

When a paradox you stick to,
I will never contradict you.

When I talk, and you are heedless,
I will show no anger needless.

When your speeches are absurd,
I will ne'er object a word.

When you, furious, argue wrong,
I will grieve, and hold my tongue.

Not a jest or humorous story
Will I ever tell before ye,
To be chidden for explaining
When you quite mistake the meaning.

Never more will I suppose
You can taste my verse or prose.

You no more at me shall fret,
While I teach, and you forget.

You shall never hear me thunder,
When you blunder on and blunder.

Show your poverty of spirit,
And in dress place all your merit;
Give yourself ten thousand airs;
That with me shall break no squares.

Never will I give advice
Till you please to ask me thrice;

Which, if you in scorn reject,
'Twill be just as I expect.

Thus we both shall have our ends,
And continue special friends.

ROBIN AND HARRY [1].

Robin to beggars, with a curse,
Throws the last shilling in his purse,
And when the coachman comes for pay,
The rogue must call another day.
  Grave Harry, when the poor are pressing,
Gives them a penny and God's blessing;
But, always careful of the main,
With twopence left, walks home in rain.
  Robin from noon to night will prate,
Runs out in tongue as in estate,
And ere a twelvemonth and a day
Will not have one new thing to say.
  Much talking is not Harry's vice;
He need not tell a story twice;
And if he always be so thrifty,
His fund may last to five-and-fifty.
  It so fell out, that cautious Harry,
As soldiers use, for love must marry,
And with his dame the ocean crost,
All for Love; or, The World well Lost;
Repairs a cabin gone to ruin,
Just big enough to shelter two in;

[1] These gentlemen were sons of the famous Dr. Leslie, and one of them was a colonel in the Spanish service.

And in his house, if any body come,
Will make them welcome to his modicum;
Where Goody Julia milks the cows,
And boils potatoes for her spouse,
Or darns his hose, or mends his breeches,
While Harry's fencing up his ditches.
  Robin, who ne'er his mind could fix
To live without a coach and six,
To patch his broken fortunes, found
A mistress worth five thousand pound;
Swears he could get her in an hour,
If Gaffer Harry would endow her,
And sell, to pacify his wrath,
A birthright for a mess of broth.
  Young Harry, as all Europe knows,
Was long the quintessence of beaux;
But when espous'd, he ran the fate
That must attend the married state;
From gold brocade and shining armour
Was metamorphos'd to a farmer,
His grazier's coat with dirt besmear'd,
Nor twice a week will shave his beard.
  Old Robin, all his youth a sloven,
At fifty-two, when he grew loving,
Clad in a coat of Paduasoy,
A flaxen wig, and waistcoat gay,
Powder'd from shoulder down to flank,
In courtly style addresses Frank,
Twice ten years older than his wife,
Is doom'd to be a beau for life,
Supplying those defects by dress,
Which I must leave the world to guess.

A PORTRAIT FROM THE LIFE.

COME sit by my side while this picture I draw:
In chattering a magpie, in pride a jackdaw;
A temper the devil himself could not bridle,
Impertinent mixture of busy and idle;
As rude as a bear, no mule half so crabbed;
She swills like a sow, and she breeds like a rabbit:
A housewife in bed, at table a slattern;
For all an example, for no one a pattern.
Now tell me, friend Thomas, Ford, Grattan, and
merry Dan,
Has this any likeness to good Madam Sheridan?

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER

TO SOME VERSES FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

THE verses you sent on the bottling your wine,
Were, in every one's judgment, exceedingly fine;
And I must confess, as a Dean and divine,
I think you inspir'd by the Muses all Nine.
I nicely examin'd them every line,
And the worst of them all, like a barn-door did shine.
Oh! that Jove would give me such a talent as thine!
With Delany or Dan I would scorn to combine;
I know they have many a wicked design;
And, give Satan his due, Dan begins to refine.
However, I wish, honest comrade of mine,

You would really on Thursday leave St. Catherine[1],
Where I hear you are cram'd every day like a swine.
With me you'll no more have a stomach to dine,
Nor, after your vittles, lie sleeping supine;
So I wish you were toothless, like Lord Masserine;
But were you as wicked as lewd Aretine,
I wish you would tell me which way you incline.
If, when you return, your road you don't line,
On Thursday I'll pay my respects at your shrine,
Wherever you bend, wherever you twine,
In square or in opposite, circle or trine.
Your beef will on Thursday be salter than brine;
I hope you have swill'd with new milk from the kine,
As much as the Liffee's outdone by the Rhine;
And Dan shall be with us, with nose aquiline.
If you do not come back we shall weep out our eyne,
Or may your gown never be good Lutherine.
The beef you have got, I hear, is a chine,
But if too many come your Madam will whine,
And then you may kiss the low end of her spine.
But enough of this poetry Alexandrine;
I hope you will not think this a Pasquine.

THE DEAN AND DUKE.

James Bridges and the Dean had long been friends;
James is beduk'd: of course their friendship ends.
But sure the Dean deserves a sharp rebuke,
From knowing James, to boast he knows the Duke.

[1] The seat of Lady Mountcashel, about six miles from Dublin.

Yet since just Heav'n the Duke's ambition mocks,
Since all he got by fraud is lost by stocks,
His wings are clipp'd; he tries no more in vain
With bands of fiddlers to extend his train.
Since he no more can build, and plant, and revel,
The Duke and Dean seem near upon a level.
Oh! wert thou not a Duke, my good Duke Humphry,
From bailiffs' claws thou scarce couldst keep thy bum free.
A Duke to know a Dean! Go, smooth thy crown;
Thy brother (far thy betters) wore a gown.
Well, but a Duke thou art; so pleas'd the king:
Oh! would his majesty but add a string.

FABULA CANIS ET UMBRÆ.

Ore cibum portans catulus dum spectat in undis
Apparet liquido prædæ melioris imago:
Dum speciosa diu damna admiratur, et alte
Ad latices inhiat, cadit imo vortice præceps
Ore cibus, nec non simulachrum corripit unà.
Occupat ille avidus deceptis faucibus umbram;
Illudit species, ac dentibus aëra mordet.

VERSES

ON I KNOW NOT WHAT.

My latest tribute here I send;
With this let your collection end.
Thus I consign you down to fame,
A character to praise or blame;

And if the whole may pass for true,
Contented rest, you have your due;
Give future times the satisfaction
To leave one handle for detraction.

DAPHNE.

Daphne knows, with equal ease,
How to vex and how to please;
But the folly of her sex
Makes her sole delight, to vex.
Never woman more devis'd
Surer ways to be despis'd;
Paradoxes weakly wielding,
Always conquer'd, never yielding.
To dispute her chief delight,
With not one opinion right:
Thick her arguments she lays on,
And with cavils combats reason;
Answers in decisive way,
Never hears what you can say;
Still her odd perverseness shows
Chiefly where she nothing knows,
And where she is most familiar,
Always peevisher and sillier;
All her spirits in a flame,
When she knows she's most to blame.
Send me hence ten thousand miles
From a face that always smiles;
None could ever act that part
But a fury in her heart.
Ye who hate such inconsistence,
To be easy, keep your distance;

Or in folly still befriend her,
But have no concern to mend her;
Lose not time to contradict her,
Nor endeavour to convict her:
Never take it in your thought
That she'll own or cure a fault,
Into contradiction warm her,
Then perhaps you may reform her:
Only take this rule along,
Always to advise her wrong,
And reprove her when she's right;
She may then grow wise, for spite.
No—that scheme will ne'er succeed,
She has better learn'd her creed;
She's too cunning and too skilful
When to yield and when be wilful.
Nature holds her forth two mirrors,
One for truth and one for errors:
That looks hideous, fierce, and frightful,
This is flattering and delightful;
That she throws away as foul,
Sits by this to dress her soul.
Thus you have the case in view,
Daphne, 'twixt the Dean and you;
Heav'n forbid he should despise thee,
But will never more advise thee,

THE

PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE.

Ætatis sui fifty-two,
A rich divine began to woo
A handsome young imperious girl,
Nearly related to an earl.
Her parents and her friends consent;
The couple to the temple went.
They first invite the Cyprian queen,
'Twas answer'd, 'She would not be seen:'
The Graces next, and all the Muses,
Were bid in form; but sent excuses.
Juno attended at the porch,
With farthing-candle for a torch,
While Mrs. Iris held her train,
The faded bow distilling rain;
Then Hebe came, and took her place,
But show'd no more than half her face.
  Whate'er those dire forebodings meant,
In mirth the wedding-day was spent;
The wedding-day, you take me right;
I promise nothing for the night.
The bridegroom drest, to make a figure
Assumes an artificial vigour;
A flourisht nightcap on, to grace
His ruddy, wrinkled, smiling face;
Like the faint red upon a pippin,
Half wither'd by a winter's keeping.
  And thus set out this happy pair;
The swain is rich, the nymph is fair;

But, what I gladly would forget,
The swain is old, the nymph coquette.
Both from the goal together start,
Scarce run a step before they part,
No common ligament that binds
The various textures of their minds;
Their thoughts and actions, hopes and fears,
Less corresponding than their years.
Her spouse desires his coffee soon,
She rises to her tea at noon.
While he goes out to cheapen books,
She at the glass consults her looks;
While Betty's buzzing in her ear,
'Lord! what a dress these parsons wear!
So odd a choice how could she make?'
Wish'd him a col'nel for her sake?
Then on her fingers' ends she counts,
Exact, to what his age amounts.
'The Dean, she heard her uncle say,
Is sixty, if he be a day;
His ruddy cheeks are no disguise;
You see the crow's feet round his eyes.'
At one she rambles to the shops
To cheapen tea and talk with fops,
Or calls a council of her maids
And tradesmen, to compare brocades.
Her weighty morning-business o'er,
Sits down to dinner just at four;
Minds nothing that is done or said,
Her evening work so fills her head.
The Dean, who us'd to dine at one,
Is maukish, and his stomach gone;
In threadbare gown would scarce a louse hold,
Looks like the chaplain of his household;

Beholds her from the chaplain's place
In French brocades and Flanders lace;
He wonders what employs her brain,
But never asks, or asks in vain;
His mind is full of other cares,
And, in the sneaking parson's airs,
Computes that half a parish-dues
Will hardly find his wife in shoes.
  Can'st thou imagine, dull Divine!
'Twill gain her love to make her fine?
Hath she no other wants beside?
You raise desire as well as pride,
Enticing coxcombs to adore,
And teach her to despise thee more.
  If in her coach she'll condescend
To place him at the hinder end,
Her hoop is hoist above his nose,
His odious gown would soil her clothes,
And drops him at the church, to pray,
While she drives on to see—the play.
He, like an orderly divine,
Comes home a quarter after nine,
And meets her hasting to the ball;
Her chairmen push him from the wall.
He enters in, and walks up stairs,
And calls the family to pray'rs;
Then goes alone to take his rest
In bed, where he can spare her best.
At five the footmen make a din,
Her Ladyship is just come in;
The masquerade began at two,
She stole away with much ado,
And shall be chid this afternoon
For leaving company so soon:

She'll say, and she may truly say't,
She can't abide to stay out late.
But now, though scarce a twelvemonth married,
Poor Lady Jane has thrice miscarried:
The cause, alas! is quickly guest,
The Town has whisper'd round the jest.
Think on some remedy in time,
You find his Reverence past his prime,
Already dwindled to a lath;
No other way but try the Bath.
For Venus, rising from the ocean,
Infus'd a strong prolific notion,
That mixt with Achelaus' spring,
The horned flood, as poets sing,
Who with an English beauty smitten,
Ran under ground from Greece to Britain,
The genial virtue with him brought,
And gave the nymph a plenteous draught,
Then fled, and left his horn behind
For husbands, past their youth, to find;
The nymph, who still with passion burn'd,
Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,
Where childless wives crowd every morn
To drink in Achelaus' horn:
And here the father often gains
That title by another's pains.
Hither, though much against the grain,
The Dean has carried Lady Jane.
He, for awhile, would not consent,
But vow'd his money all was spent.
His money spent! a clownish reason;
And must my Lady slip her season?

The Doctor, with a double fee,
Was brib'd to make the Dean agree.
  Here all diversions of the place
Are proper in my Lady's case,
With which she patiently complies,
Merely because her friends advise;
His money and her time employs
In music, raffling-rooms, and toys;
Or in the cross-path seeks an heir,
Since others oft have found one there;
Where, if the Dean by chance appears,
It shames his cassock and his years:
He keeps his distance in the gallery,
Till banish'd by some coxcomb's raillery;
For 'twould his character expose
To bathe among the belles and beaux.
  So I have seen, within a pen,
Young ducklings foster'd by a hen,
But when let out, they run and muddle,
As instinct leads them, in a puddle:
The sober hen, not born to swim,
With mournful note clucks round the brim.
  The Dean with all his best endeavour,
Gets not an heir, but gets a fever.
A victim to the last essays
Of vigour in declining days,
He dies, and leaves his mourning mate
(What could he less?) his whole estate.
  The widow goes through all her forms;
New lovers now will come in swarms.
Oh, may I see her soon dispensing
Her favours to some broken ensign!

Him let her marry for his face,
And only coat of tarnish'd lace;
To turn her naked out of doors,
And spend her jointure on his whores;
But, for a parting present, leave her
A rooted p—x to last for ever.

THE BROKEN MUG.

A Tale.

How shall I now the Nine invoke,
Since all my comfort's crack'd and broke?
Then let my sorrows have some vent
Proportion'd to my discontent.
In all affairs of human life,
So intermix'd with joy and strife,
My Mug still sweeten'd all my care,
My sorrows still were drowned there:
This, with an honest jolly friend,
To anxious thoughts could put an end,
Which still clos'd up the toils of day,
And made the minutes glide away;
But now I have no Mug to drink,
Nor scarce the pow'r to write or think.
Assist, ye nymphs! with wit and skill
A native of Parnassus' hill,
Who now implores the sacred Nine
To raise his thoughts in every line.
Your property is not to stint,
Or give a mug with nothing in't.
Since bards are subject to be dry,
We beg, before our skill we try,

A draught of the Castalian spring,
To clear our pipes before we sing.
  This Mug, which I lament in tears,
Hath serv'd me well for many years.
That useful piece of furniture
Is broke and shatter'd, past all cure;
Nor can it ere be hoop'd with tin,
As other broken Mugs have been,
Whose ruptures, cur'd by tinker's truss,
Are still of special use to us.
  But now, alas! 'tis all in vain
To join thy particles again.
What cost would I on thee bestow
To have thee now *in statû quo?*
Thou, Mug! the subject of my song,
Shouldst not lie still, nor empty long;
In silver hoops thou shouldst appear,
Well tipp'd, and frothing full of beer,
Whose fragrant bubbles gently fall,
Till by degrees contracted small,
They on thy centre form a rose
So grateful to our eyes and nose,
Whose mantling juice does far outshine
The sparkling of the choicest wine.
  It was a family old Mug,
At which our friends did often tug;
'Twas bought when I was but a youth,
And Granny says, upon her truth,
A finer Mug was never bought,
Although it cost her but a groat.
The potter surely play'd his part,
For 'twas a masterpiece of art:
He form'd it of well-temper'd stuff,
To make it durable and tough:

The concave and the convex white
Appear'd most pleasing to the sight:
'Twould puzzle Euclid or Descarte
To take dimensions of each part.
The base whereon it stood was round,
The rest with various shapes abound;
Not truly spherical nor conic,
Cylindrical nor parabolic;
All from the bottom to the ear
Was like the *frustum* of a sphere;
The rest much like that of a cone,
To which was fix'd one ear alone;
Though one should think another lug
Might well become so large a Mug.
  But be it known unto you, Sirs,
Some modern wise geometers
Thought it a surer way and quicker,
To fill the Mug with humming liquor,
Then handing it from north to south,
They took the gauge by word of mouth;
For when it went full nine times round,
By long experience they found
It held two quarts by estimation,
And some few tenths by calculation.
Then to complete what they begun
They inch'd it like a brewer's tun,
And in a minute would descry
Their several inches wet or dry.
They estimated near enough
A conic or cylindric hoof;
Whene'er the Mug was on a stoop,
They told the ullage, to a sup.
  It serv'd a double 'prenticeship,
And never got a crack or slip,

Until by chance the other day,
(To show the frailty of our clay)
It got a most unlucky fall,
Which may be warning to us all;
For let us live to Nestor's age,
We must at last go off the stage.
'Twas made in Anna's glorious reign,
And always kept both sweet and clean;
Her health was often drank thereout,
In March or in October stout.
It went about just with the sun,
And in a circle still did run.
'Twould drain a cellar ere so deep,
And from an inundation keep
That quarter of the town, you know,
Where high spring-tides do overflow;
For in a day it would exhale
The Lord knows how much beer or ale.
Nor could it lose its virtue quite
Till it was nine or ten at night.
It was a planet without doubt,
For day and night it went about,
And had its periodic times
As regular as Christ-church chimes.
Then by nocturnal observation,
We found its virtue and pulsation;
(When like the sea it ebb'd and flow'd)
Its various operations show'd,
And different influence on men,
About the hours of eight or ten.
'Twas on a day, some friends and I
Were seated on Parnassus high:
My friends began to hem and cough,
With voices hoarse and very rough,

By long debating *pro* and *con*
Whether the earth mov'd, or the sun?
Who writ the best philosophy
Copernicus or Ptolemy?
Whether they were not both outdone
By Newton's Principles alone?
Though now the mode, 'tis not my way
To entertain my friends with tea,
We bards don't love our drink too new,
Nor can we spare the time to brew:
We use no tea nor coffee here,
They're both insipid, and too dear;
They never can clear up the brain,
Or put us in a merry vein:
To some they give ill-natur'd fits,
While base detractors pass for wits;
From whose vile censure who is free?
All suffer by their rash decree.
I guess'd my brother bards were dry,
Then begg'd a nymph who lives hard by
To haste to Helicon in haste,
And bring the Mug full of the best.
In haste as she tripp'd down the stairs
With graceful air, but unawares,
Precipitating on her hoop,
As she ran downwards made her stoop;
Down fell the nymph, the Mug, and all,
The loss was great, and great the fall;
The nymph return'd with nimble foot,
But got her finger sorely cut.
The tidings told with panting breath,
How she escap'd a sudden death,
The shatter'd limbs—O dire mishap!
She brought up gather'd in her lap,

With fractures of the Mug so small,
No art could ere cement them all.
Thou best of Mugs! adieu, adieu!
Since I am doom'd to follow you;
I am but clay, and so wert thou:
When I go off, or where, or how,
I cannot tell; but still must strive
To keep this microcosm alive;
To wet my clay as it grows dry,
Lest it should into atoms fly.

ON

PADDY'S CHARACTER

OF THE INTELLIGENCER.

As a thorn-bush or oaken-bough,
Stuck in an Irish cabin's brow,
Above the door, at country fair,
Betokens entertainment there;
So bays on poets' brows have been
Set for a sign of wit within:
And as ill neighbours in the night
Pull down an alehouse-bush for spite,
The laurel so, by poets worn,
Is by the teeth of Envy torn;
Envy, a canker-worm, which tears
Those sacred leaves that lightning spares.
And now to' exemplify this moral;
Tom having earn'd a twig of laurel,
(Which measur'd on his head, was found
Not long enough to reach half round,

But like a girl's cockade, was tied
A trophy on his temple-side)
Paddy repin'd to see him wear
This badge of honour in his hair,
And thinking this cockade of wit
Would his own temples better fit,
Forming his Muse by Medley's model,
Lets drive at Tom's devoted noddle,
Pelts him by turns with verse and prose,
Hums like a hornet at his nose,
At length presumes to vent his satire on
The Dean, Tom's honour'd friend and patron.
The Eagle in the tale, ye know,
Teaz'd by a buzzing Wasp below,
Took wing to Jove, and hop'd to rest
Securely in the Thunderer's breast:
In vain; ev'n there, to spoil his nod,
The spiteful insect stung the god.

THE
LOGICIANS REFUTED.

Logicians have but ill defin'd,
As rational, the humankind;
Reason, they say, belongs to man,
But let them prove it if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,
By ratiocinations specious,
Have strove to prove with great precision,
With definition and division,
Homo est ratione præditum,
But for my soul I cannot credit 'em,

And must, in spite of them, maintain
That man and all his ways are vain,
And that this boasted lord of Nature
Is both a weak and erring creature;
That instinct is a surer guide
Than reason-boasting mortals' pride;
And that brute beasts are far before 'em,
Deus est anima brutorum.
Who ever knew an honest brute
At law his neighbour prosecute?
Bring action for assault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politics disturb their mind;
They eat their meals and take their sport,
Nor know who's in or out, at Court:
They never to the levee go
To treat as dearest friend a foe;
They never importune his Grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob:
Fraught with invective, they ne'er go
To folks at Pater-noster-row:
No judges, fiddlers, dancing masters,
No pickpockets or poetasters,
Are known to honest quadrupeds;
No single brute his fellows leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
Of beasts it is confess'd the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape;
Like man he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion;

But both in malice and grimaces
A courtier any ape surpasses:
Behold him, humbly cringing, wait
Upon the minister of state;
View him soon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of superiors:
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators;
At court the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
Their masters' manners still contract,
And footmen, lords, and dukes can act.
Thus at the Court both great and small
Behave alike, for all ape all.

ODE ON SCIENCE.

Oh! heavenly born! in deepest dells
If fairest Science ever dwells
  Beneath the mossy cave,
Indulge the verdure of the woods,
With azure beauty gild the floods,
  And flowery carpets lave:

For Melancholy ever reigns
Delighted in the silvan scenes
  With scientific light;
While Dian, huntress of the vales,
Seeks lulling sounds and fanning gales,
  Though rapt from mortal sight.

Yet, goddess! yet the way explore,
With magic rites and heathen lore
  Obstructed and depress'd,
Till Wisdom give the sacred Nine,
Untaught, not uninspir'd, to shine,
  By Reason's power redress'd.

When Solon and Lycurgus taught
To moralize the human thought
  Of mad Opinion's maze;
To erring zeal they gave new laws:
Thy charms, O Liberty! the cause
  That blends congenial rays.

Bid bright Astrea gild the morn,
Or bid a hundred suns be born,
  To hecatomb the year;
Without thy aid in vain the poles,
In vain the zodiac system rolls,
  In vain the lunar sphere.

Come, fairest princess of the throng!
Bring sweet Philosophy along
  In metaphysic dreams;
While raptur'd bards no more behold
A vernal age of purer gold
  In Heliconian streams.

Drive Thraldom, with malignant hand,
To curse some other destin'd land
  By Folly led astray:
Ierne bear on azure wing;
Energic let her soar and sing
  Thy universal sway.

So when Amphion bade the lyre
To more majestic sound aspire,
  Behold the madding throng,
In wonder and oblivion drown'd,
To sculpture turn'd by magic sound
  And petrifying song.

THE PUPPET-SHOW.

The life of man to represent,
  And turn it all to ridicule,
Wit did a Puppet-show invent,
  Where the chief actor is a fool.

The gods of old were logs of wood,
  And worship was to Puppets paid;
In antic dress the idol stood,
  And priests and people bow'd the head.

No wonder then, if art began
  The simple votaries to frame;
To shape in timber foolish man,
  And consecrate the block to fame.

From hence poetic fancy learn'd
  That trees might rise from human forms,
The body to a trunk be turn'd,
  And branches issue from the arms.

Thus Dædalus, and Ovid too,
  That man's a blockhead have confest;
Powel and Stretch [1] the hint pursue:
  Life is a farce, the world a jest.

[1] Two puppet-show men.

The same great truth South-Sea hath prov'd
On that fam'd theatre the Alley,
Where thousands, by Directors mov'd,
Are now sad monuments of folly.

What Momus was of old to Jove,
The same a Harlequin is now;
The former was buffoon above,
The latter is a Punch below.

This fleeting scene is but a stage
Where various images appear:
In different parts of youth and age
Alike the prince and peasant share.

Some draw our eyes by being great,
False pomp conceals mere wood within;
And legislators, rang'd in state,
Are oft but wisdom in machine.

A stock may chance to wear a crown,
And timber as a lord take place;
A statue may put on a frown,
And cheat us with a thinking face.

Others are blindly led away,
And made to act for ends unknown;
By the mere spring of wires they play,
And speak in language not their own.

Too oft, alas! a scolding wife
Usurps a jolly fellow's throne,
And many drink the cup of life
Mix'd and imbitter'd by a Joan.

In short, whatever men pursue
  Of pleasure, folly, war, or love,
This mimic race brings all to view;
  Alike they dress, they talk, they move.

Go on, great Stretch! with artful hand,
  Mortals to please and to deride;
And when death breaks thy vital band,
  Thou shalt put on a Puppet's pride.

Thou shalt in puny wood be shown;
  Thy image shall preserve thy fame;
Ages to come thy worth shall own,
  Point at thy limbs, and tell thy name.

Tell Tom he draws a farce in vain,
  Before he looks in Nature's glass;
Puns cannot form a witty scene,
  Nor pedantry for humour pass.

To make men act as senseless wood,
  And chatter in a mystic strain,
Is a mere force on flesh and blood,
  And shows some error in the brain.

He that would thus refine on thee,
  And turn thy stage into a school,
The jest of Punch will ever be,
  And stand confest the greater fool.

ON PSYCHE[1].

At two afternoon, for our Psyche inquire,
Her tea-kettle's on, and her smock at the fire:
So loitering, so active, so busy, so idle,
Which hath she most need of, a spur or a bridle?
Thus a greyhound outruns the whole pack in a race,
Yet would rather be hang'd, than he'd leave a warm place.
She gives you such plenty it puts you in pain,
But ever with prudence takes care of the main.
To please you she knows how to choose a nice bit,
For her taste is almost as refin'd as her wit.
To oblige a good friend she will trace every market,
It would do your heart good to see how she'll cark it:
Yet beware of her arts, for it plainly appears
She saves half her victuals by feeding your ears.

TO

MRS. HOUGHTON OF BORMOUNT,

UPON PRAISING HER HUSBAND TO DR. SWIFT.

You always are making a god of your spouse,
But this neither reason nor conscience allows;
Perhaps you will say 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore him because he adores you:—
Your argument's weak, and so you will find,
For you, by this rule, must adore all mankind.

[1] Mrs. Sican, a very ingenious well-bred lady, wife to Mr. John Sican, an eminent grocer in Dublin.

ON THE COLLAR OF

MRS. DINGLEY'S LAP-DOG.

PRAY steal me not, I'm Mrs. Dingley's,
Whose heart in this four-footed thing lies.

A LEFT-HANDED LETTER[1].

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

DELANY reports it, and he has a shrewd tongue,
That we both act the part of the clown and the
cow-dung;
We lie cramming ourselves, and are ready to burst,
Yet still are no wiser than we were at first.
Pudet hæc opprobria, I freely must tell ye,
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.
Though Delany advis'd you to plague me no longer,
You reply and rejoin like Hoadley of Bangor.
I must now, at one sitting, pay off my old score;
How many to answer? One, two, three, four:
But because the three former are long ago past,
I shall, for method sake, begin with the last.
You treat me like a boy that knocks down his foe,
Who, ere t'other gets up demands the rising blow:

[1] The humour of this poem is partly lost, by the impossibility of printing it left-handed, as it was written.

Yet I know a young rogue that, thrown flat on the field,
Would, as he lay under, cry out, 'Sirrah, yield.'
So the French, when our generals soundly did pay 'em,
Went triumphant to church, and sang stoutly *Te Deum:*
So the famous Tom Leigh, when quite run a-ground,
Comes off by outlaughing the company round.
In every vile pamphlet you'll read the same fancies,
Having thus overthrown all our further advances.
My offers of peace you ill understood;
Friend Sheridan, when will you know your own good?
'Twas to teach you in moderate language your duty,
For were you a dog I could not be rude t'ye.
As a good quiet soul, who no mischief intends,
To a quarrelsome fellow cries, 'Let us be friends.'
But we like Antæus and Hercules fight,
The oft'ner you fall, the oft'ner you write;
And I'll use you as he did that over-grown clown,
I'll first take you up, and then take you down:
And 'tis your own case, for you never can wound
The worst dunce in your school till he's heav'd from the ground.

I beg your pardon for using my left hand, but I was in great haste, and the other hand was employed at the same time in writing some letters of business.

September 20, 1718.

I will send you the rest when I have leisure, but pray come to dinner with the company you met here last.

TO A FRIEND,

WHO HAD BEEN MUCH ABUSED IN MANY DIFFERENT LIBELS.

THE greatest monarch may be stabb'd by night,
And Fortune help the murderer in his flight;
The vilest ruffian may commit a rape,
Yet safe from injur'd innocence escape;
And Calumny, by working under ground,
Can, unreveng'd, the greatest merit wound.
What's to be done? Shall Wit and Learning choose
To live obscure, and have no fame to loose,
By Censure frighted out of Honour's road,
Nor dare to use the gifts by Heav'n bestow'd;
Or fearless enter in through Virtue's gate,
And buy distinction at the dearest rate?

END OF VOL. III.

Printed by C. WHITTINGHAM, Chiswick.

SWEET,
Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth:
Vol. 4. Love Songs.

Painted by H. Singleton. Engraved by P. W. Tomkins.

Published Feb.ry 1807 by John Sharpe.
Piccadilly.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JONATHAN SWIFT,

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F.S.A.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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MISCELLANIES,

FROM 1689 TO 1739, WITHOUT DATE.

THE WINDSOR PROPHECY[1].

About three months ago, at Windsor, a Poor Knight's widow was buried in the cloisters. In digging the grave, the sexton struck against a small leaden coffer, about half a foot in length, and four inches wide. The poor man, expecting he had discovered a treasure, opened it with some difficulty, but found only a small parchment, rolled up very fast, put into a leather case, which case was tied at the top, and sealed with a St. George, the impression on black wax very rude and gothic. The parchment was carried to a gentleman of learning, who found in it the following lines, written in a black old English letter, and in the orthography of the age, which seems to be about two hundred years ago. I made a shift to obtain a copy of it, but the transcriber, I find, hath in many parts altered the spelling to the modern way. The original, as I am informed, is now in the hands of

[1] It is well known that Queen Anne had nominated Dr. Swift to an English bishopric, which was opposed by Dr. Sharpe, Archbishop of York, and the Duchess of Somerset, who had prevailed on his Grace to go with her to the Queen to lay aside the nomination, which her Majesty refused; but the Duchess falling on her knees, and sh wing the following Prophecy to her Majesty, the bishopric was given to another. See the Poem, 'The Author on himself.'

the ingenious Dr. W——, F. R. S. where, I suppose, the curious will not be refused the satisfaction of seeing it.

The lines seem to be a sort of prophecy, and written in verse, as old prophecies usually are, but in a very hobbling kind of measure. Their meaning is very dark, if it be any at all, of which the learned reader can judge better than I: however it be, several persons were of opinion that they deserved to be published, both as they discover somewhat of the genius of a former age, and may be an amusement to the present.

When a holy black Swede[1], the son of Bob,
With a saint[2] at his chin and a seal[2] at his fob,
Shall not see one new-year's-day in that year[3],
Then let old Englond make good cheer:
Windsor and Bristow then shall be
Joined together in the Low-Countree.
Then shall the tall black Deventry bird[4]
Speak against peace right many a word;
And some shall admire his conying wit,
For many good groats his tongue shall slit.

1 Dr. Robinson, Bishop of Bristol, was one of the Plenipotentiaries at the Peace of Utrecht.

2 He was Dean of Windsor, and Lord Privy-Seal.

3 There was eleven days difference between the old and new style, the latter received at Utrecht before this bishop went thither, but which did not take place in Great Britain and Ireland until Sept. 2, 1752, when eleven days were omitted, and the next day was called Sept. 14. The Bishop, therefore, set out from England before Jan. 1. O. S.

4 Earl of Nottingham.

But spight of the Harpy[5] that crawls on all four,
There shall be peace, pardie, and war no more:
But Englond must cry Alack and well-a-day!
If the stick be taken from the Dead Sea.
And dear Englond, if aught I understand,
Beware of carrots from Northumberland[6],
Carrots sown Thynne[7] a deep root may get,
If so be they are in Sommer set:
Their Conyngs[8] mark thou, for I have been told
They assassine when young, and poison when old.
Root out these carrots, O thou whose name
Is backwards and forwards always the same[9]!
And keep close to thee always that name
Which backwards and forwards[10] is almost the same.
And, Englond, wouldst thou be happy still,
Bury those carrots under a Hill[11].

5 Duke of Marlborough.

6 Lady Elizabeth Percy, sole daughter and heir of Joceline Percy, Earl of Northumberland, was married to Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset.

7 Thomas Thynne, Esq. of Longleate, a gentleman of very great estate, married the above lady after the death of Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, to whom she had been betrothed in her infancy. Mr. Thynne was murdered by Count Conings-mark and two ruffians. The Count made his escape, but the others were hanged. There is a monument in Westminster-Abbey erected to the memory of Mr. Thynne, upon an entablature of which this transaction of his murder is represented.

8 Count Coningsmark.

9 Anna Regina.

10 Lady Masham.

11 Lady Masham's maiden name was Hill.

TO

THE REV. MR. DAN. JACKSON,

TO BE HUMBLY PRESENTED BY MR. SHERIDAN IN PERSON, WITH RESPECT, CARE, AND SPEED. TO BE DELIVERED BY AND WITH MR. SHERIDAN.

HERE I return my trust, nor ask
One penny for remittance;
If I have well perform'd my task
Pray send me an acquittance.

Too long I bore this weighty pack,
As Hercules the sky;
Now take him you, Dan Atlas, back,
Let me be stander-by.

Not all the witty things you speak
In compass of a day,
Not half the puns you make a week,
Should bribe his longer stay.

With me you left him out at nurse,
Yet are you not my debtor,
For as he hardly can be worse,
I ne'er could make him better.

He rhymes and puns, and puns and rhymes,
Just as he did before,
And when he's lash'd a hundred times,
He rhymes and puns the more.

When rods are laid on schoolboys' bums,
The more they frisk and skip,
The schoolboys' top but louder hums
The more they use the whip.

Thus a lean beast beneath a load
(A beast of Irish breed)
Will, in a tedious dirty road,
Outgo the prancing steed.

You knock him down and down, in vain,
And lay him flat before ye;
For soon as he gets up again
He'll strut and cry *Victoria!*

At every stroke of mine he fell;
'Tis true he roar'd and cried;
But his impenetrable shell
Could feel no harm beside.

The tortoise thus, with motion slow,
Will clamber up a wall,
Yet, senseless to the hardest blow,
Gets nothing but a fall.

Dear Dan! then, why should you or I
Attack his pericrany?
And since it is in vain to try,
We'll send him to Delany.

POSTSCRIPT.

Lean Tom, when I saw him, last week, on his horse awry,
Threaten'd loudly to turn me to stone with his sorcery;
But I think, little Dan, that in spite of what our foe says,
He will find I read Ovid and his Metamorphoses;

For omitting the first (where I make a comparison,
With a sort of allusion to Putland or Harrison)
Yet by my description you'll find he in short is
A pack and a garran, a top and a tortoise:
So I hope from henceforward you ne'er will ask, can I maul
This teazing, conceited, rude, insolent, animal?
And if this rebuke might turn to his benefit,
(For I pity the man) I should then be glad of it.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER TO PAULUS,

SOME VERSES WRITTEN BY MR. LINDSAY[1].

Lindsay mistakes the matter quite,
And honest Paulus judges right:
Then why these quarrels to the sun,
Without whose aid you're all undone?
Did Paulus e'er complain of sweat?
Did Paulus ere the sun forget,
The influence of whose golden beams
Soon licks up all unsavoury steams?
The sun, you say, his face hath kist:
It has; but then it greas'd his fist.
True lawyers, for the wisest ends,
Have always been Apollo's friends;
Not for his superficial powers
Of ripening fruits or gilding flowers,
Nor for inspiring poets' brains,
With pennyless and starvling strains;

1 An elegant scholar and an eminent pleader in Dublin; afterwards one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas.

Not for his boasted healing art;
Not for his skill to shoot the dart;
Nor yet because he sweetly fiddles;
Not for his prophecies in riddles;
But for a more substantial cause;
Apollo's patron of the laws,
Whom Paulus ever must adore,
As parent of the golden ore.
  By Phœbus an incestuous birth,
Begot upon his grand-dame Earth;
By Phœbus first produc'd to light,
By Vulcan form'd so round and bright,
Then offer'd at the shrine of Justice,
By clients to her priests and trustees;
Nor, when we see Astræa stand
With even balance in her hand,
Must we suppose she hath in view
How to give every man his due;
Her scales you see her only hold,
To weigh her priests', the lawyers' gold.
Now should I own your case was grievous,
Poor sweaty Paulus! who'd believe us?
'Tis very true, and none denies,
At least, that such complaints are wise.
'Tis wise, no doubt, as clients fat ye more,
To cry, like statesmen, *Quanta patimur!*
  But since the truth must needs be stretched,
To prove that lawyers are so wretched,
This paradox I'll undertake
For Paulus, and for Lindsay's sake.
By topics which, though I abomine 'em,
Day serve as arguments *ad hominem*,
Yet I disdain to offer those
Made use of by detracting foes:

I own the curses of mankind
Sit light upon a lawyer's mind;
The clamours of ten thousand tongues
Break not his rest, nor hurt his lungs.
I own his conscience always free,
Provided he has got his fee.
Secure of constant peace within,
He knows no guilt who knows no sin,
Yet well they merit to be pitied,
By clients always over-witted:
And though the Gospel seems to say,
What heavy burdens lawyers lay
Upon the shoulders of their neighbour,
Nor lend a finger to the labour,
Always for saving their own bacon,—
No doubt the text is here mistaken:
The copy's false, and sense is rackt;
To prove it, I appeal to fact,
And thus by demonstration show
What burdens lawyers undergo.
With early clients at his door,
Though he was drunk the night before,
And crop-sick with unclub'd-for wine,
The wretch must be at court by nine;
Half sunk beneath his briefs and bag,
As ridden by a midnight hag;
Then from the bar harangues the bench,
In English vile and viler French,
And Latin, vilest of the three,
And all for poor ten moidores' fee.
Of paper how is he profuse!
With periods long, in terms abstruse,
What pains he takes to be prolix!
A thousand lines to stand for six;

Of common sense without a word in,
And is not this a grievous burden?
The lawyer is a common drudge,
To fight our cause before the judge;
And, what is yet a greater curse,
Condemn'd to bear his client's purse,
While he, at ease, secure and light,
Walks boldly home at dead of night:
When term is ended leaves the town,
Trots to his country mansion down,
And, disencumber'd of his load,
No danger dreads upon the road;
Despiseth rapparees, and rides
Safe through the Newry-mountains' sides.
Lindsay! 'tis you have set me on,
To state this question *pro* and *con*,
My satire may offend, 'tis true;
However, it concerns not you.
I own there may in every clan,
Perhaps, be found one honest man;
Yet, link them close, in this they jump,
To be but sharpers in the lump.
Imagine Lindsay at the bar,
He's much the same his brethren are;
Well taught, by practice, to imbibe
The fundamentals of his tribe,
And in his client's just defence
Must deviate oft from common sense,
And make his ignorance discern'd,
To get the name of counsel learn'd,
(As *lucus* comes a *non lucendo*)
And wisely do as other men do;
But shift him to a better scene,
Among his crew of rogues in grain,

Surrounded with companions fit,
To taste his humour, sense, and wit,
You'd swear he never took a fee,
Nor knew in law his A, B, C.
'Tis hard, where dulness over-rules,
To keep good sense in crowds of fools;
And we admire the man who saves
His honesty in crowds of knaves,
Nor yields up virtue at discretion
To villains of his own profession.
Lindsay! you know what pains you take
In both, yet barely save your stake;
And will you venture both anew,
To sit among that venal crew,
That pack of mimic legislators,
Abandon'd, stupid, slavish praters?
For as the rabble daub and rifle
The fool, who scrambles for a trifle,
Who for his pains is cuff'd and kick'd,
Drawn through the dirt, his pockets pick'd,
You must expect the like disgrace,
Scrambling with rogues to get a place;
Must lose the honour you have gain'd,
Your numerous virtues foully stain'd;
Disclaim for ever all pretence
To common honesty and sense,
And join in friendship with a strict tie,
To M—l, C—y, and Dick Tighe:

ON

DR. RUNDLE, BISHOP OF DERRY.

MAKE Rundle bishop! fie for shame!
An Arian to usurp the name!
A bishop in the Isle of Saints!
How will his brethren make complaints!
Dare any of the mitred host
Confer on him the Holy Ghost?
In mother-church to breed a variance,
By coupling Orthodox with Arians?
  Yet were he Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
What is there in it strange or new?
For let us hear the weak pretence
His brethren find to take offence,
Of whom there are but four at most
Who know there is an Holy Ghost;
The rest, who boast they have conferr'd it,
Like Paul's Ephesians, never heard it,
And when they gave it, well 'tis known
They gave what never was their own.
  Rundle a bishop! well he may;
He's still a Christian more than they.
  We know the subject of their quarrels;
The man has learning, sense, and morals.
  There is a reason still more weighty;
'Tis granted he believes a Deity;
Has every circumstance to please us,
Though fools may doubt his faith in J—s.
But why should he with that be loaded,
Now twenty years from court exploded?

And is not this objection odd,
From rogues who ne'er believ'd a God?
For liberty a champion stout,
Though not so gospel-ward devout;
While others, hither sent to save us,
Came but to plunder and enslave us;
Nor ever own'd a power divine
But Mammon, and the German line.
Say, how did Rundle undermine 'em?
Who show'd a better *jus divinum?*
From ancient canons would not vary,
But thrice refus'd *Episcopari.*
Our bishop's predecessor, Magus,
Would offer all the sands of Tagus,
Or sell his children, house, and lands,
For that one gift—to lay on hands;
But all his gold could not avail
To have the Spirit set to sale.
Said surly Peter, 'Magus, prithee
Begone; thy money perish with thee.'
Were Peter now alive, perhaps
He might have found a score of chaps,
Could he but make his gift appear
In rents three thousand pounds a year.
Some fancy this promotion odd,
As not the handiwork of God,
Though ev'n the bishops disappointed
Must own it made by God's anointed;
And well we know the congé regal
Is more secure as well as legal,
Because our lawyers all agree
That bishoprics are held in fee.
Dear Baldwin chaste, and witty Crosse!
How sorely I lament your loss!

That such a pair of wealthy ninnies
Should slip your time of dropping guineas;
For had you made the k— your debtor,
Your title had been so much better.

BIRTHDAY VERSES ON MR. FORD.

Come, be content, since out it must,
For Stella has betray'd her trust;
And, whispering, charg'd me not to say
That Mr. Ford was born to-day;
Or, if at last I needs must blab it,
According to my usual habit,
She bid me, with a serious face,
Be sure conceal the time and place;
And not my compliment to spoil
By calling this your native soil;
Or vex the ladies, when they know
That you are turning forty-two:
But if these topics shall appear
Strong arguments to keep you here,
I think, though you judge hardly of it,
Good manners must give place to profit.
The nymphs, with whom you first began,
Are each become a harridan;
And Montague so far decay'd,
Her lovers now must all be paid,
And every belle that since arose
Has her contemporary beaus.
Your former comrades, once so bright,
With whom you toasted half the night,

Of rheumatism and p—x complain,
And bid adieu to dear champaign;
Your great protectors, once in pow'r,
Are now in exile or the Tow'r.
Your foes triumphant o'er the laws,
Who hate your person and your cause,
If once they get you on the spot,
You must be guilty of the plot:
For true or false they'll ne'er inquire
But use you ten times worse than Prior[1].
In London, what would you do there?
Can you, my friend, with patience bear;
Nay, would it not your passion raise
Worse than a pun or Irish phrase,
To see a scoundrel strut and hector,
A footboy to some rogue Director?
To look on vice triumphant round,
And virtue trampled on the ground?
Observe where bloody * * stands,
With torturing engines in his hands;
Hear him blaspheme, and swear, and rail,
Threatening the pillory and jail.
If this you think a pleasing scene,
To London straight return again,
Where, you have told us from experience,
Are swarms of bugs and presbyterians.
I thought my very spleen would burst,
When Fortune hither drove me first;
Was full as hard to please as you,
Nor persons, names, nor places knew:
But now I act, as other folk,
Like prisoners when their jail is broke.

[1] Matt. Prior, Esq. with whom the Dean was intimately connected.

If you have London still at heart,
We'll make a small one here by art;
The difference is not much between
St. James's-park and Stephen's-green;
And Dawson-street will serve as well
To lead you thither, as Pall-mall;
Nor want a passage through the palace,
To choke your sight and raise your malice.
The Deanery-house may well be match'd,
Under correction, with the Tatch'd[2];
Nor shall I, when you hither come,
Demand a crown a quart for stum.
Then, for a middle-aged chamber
Stella may vie with your main charmer;
She's now as handsome every bit,
And has a thousand times her wit.
The Dean and Sheridan, I hope,
Will half supply a Gay and Pope;
Corbet[3], though yet I know his worth not,
No doubt will prove a good Arbuthnot;
I throw into the bargain Tim;
In London can you equal him?
What think you of my favourite clan,
Robin and Jack[4], and Jack and Dan?
Fellows of modest worth and parts,
With cheerful looks and honest hearts.
Can you on Dublin look with scorn;
Yet here were you and Ormond[5] born.

[2] A famous tavern in St. James's-street, near the palace.

[3] Dr. Corbet, afterwards Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, on the death of Dr. Maturine, who succeeded Dr. Swift.

[4] Rev. Robert and John Grattan, brothers; John and Daniel Jackson.

[5] James Butler, the late Duke of Ormond.

Oh! were but you and I so wise
To see with Robert Grattan's eyes!
Robin adores that spot of earth,
That literal spot, which gave him birth,
And swears Belcamp [6] is, to his taste,
As fine as Hampton-court at least.
When to your friends you would enhance
The praise of Italy or France,
For grandeur, elegance, and wit,
We gladly hear you, and submit:
But then, to come and keep a clutter
For this or that side of a gutter,
To live in this or t'other isle,
We cannot think it worth your while;
For, take it kindly or amiss,
The difference but amounts to this:—
We bury on our side the Channel
In linen [7], and on your's in flannel:
You for the news are ne'er to seek,
While we, perhaps, may wait a week:
You happy folks are sure to meet
An hundred whores in every street,
While we may trace all Dublin o'er
Before we find out half a score.
You see my arguments are strong,
I wonder you held out so long;
But since you are convinc'd at last,
We'll pardon you for what is past;
So let us now for Whist prepare,
Twelve-pence a corner, if you dare.

6 In Fingall, about five miles from Dublin.

7 In the year 1733, there was an act of parliament made in Ireland to bury in woollen.

A PETITION TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

BY DEAN SMEDLEY.

Non Domus aut fundus —— HOR.

It was, my Lord, the dextrous shift
Of t'other Jonathan, *viz.* Swift,
But now St. Patrick's saucy Dean,
With silver verge and surplice clean,
Of Oxford or of Ormond's Grace,
In looser rhyme to beg a place.
A place he got, yclep'd a Stall,
And eke a thousand pounds withal;
And, were he less a witty writer,
He might as well have got a mitre.
Thus I, the Jonathan of Clogher,
In humble lays my thanks to offer,
Approach your Grace with grateful heart,
My thanks and verse devoid of art,
Content with what your bounty gave,
No larger income do I crave;
Rejoicing that, in better times
Grafton[1] requires my loyal lines;
Proud that at once I can commend
King George's and the Muse's friend,

[1] Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Endear'd to Britain and to thee,
Disjoin'd Hibernia, by the sea;
Endear'd by twice three anxious years,
Employ'd in guardian toils and cares;
By love, by wisdom, and by skill,
For he has sav'd thee 'gainst thy will.
But where shall Smedley make his nest,
And lay his wandering head to rest?
Where shall he find a decent house
To treat his friends and cheer his spouse?
Oh, lack! my Lord, some pretty cure,
In wholesome soil and ether pure,
The garden stor'd with artless flowers,
In either angle shady bowers;
No gay parterre, with costly green,
Within the ambient hedge be seen;
Let Nature freely take her course,
Nor fear from one ungrateful force,
No shears shall check her sprouting vigour,
Nor shape the yews to antic figure;
A limpid brook shall trouts supply,
In May to take the mimic-fly;
Round a small orchard may it run,
Whose apples redden to the sun;
Let all be snug, and warm, and neat,
For fifty turn'd, a safe retreat;
A little Euston may it be,
Euston I'll carve on every tree:
But then, to keep it in repair,
My Lord—twice fifty pounds a year
Will barely do; but if your Grace
Could make them hundreds—charming place!
Thou then wouldst show another face!

Clogher! far north, my Lord, it lies,
Midst snowy hills, inclement skies;
One shivers with the Arctic wind,
One hears the polar axis grind.
Good John[2], indeed, with beef and claret
Makes the place warm, that one may bear it.
He has a purse to keep a table,
And eke a soul as hospitable.
My heart is good; but assets fail
To fight with storms of snow and hail:
Besides, the country's thin of people,
Who seldom meet but at the steeple:
The strapping Dean, that's gone to Down,
Ne'er nam'd the thing without a frown;
When, much fatigued with sermon-study,
He felt his brain grow dull and muddy,
No fit companion could be found
To push the lazy bottle round;
Sure, then, for want of better folks
To pledge, his clerk was orthodox.
Ah! how unlike to Gerard-street,
Where beaux and belles in parties meet;
Where gilded chairs and coaches throng,
And jostle as they troll along;
Where tea and coffee hourly flow,
And grape-seed does in plenty grow,
And Griz (no clock more certain) cries,
Exact at seven, 'Hot mutton pies!'
There lady Luna in her sphere
Once shone, when Paunchforth was not near;
But now she wanes, and, as 'tis said,
Keeps sober hours, and goes to bed.

[2] Dr. John Sterne, Bishop of Clogher, predecessor to Dr. Swift, as Dean of St. Patrick's.

There—but 'tis endless to write down
All the amusements of the Town;
And spouse will think herself quite undone,
To trudge to Connor[3] from sweet London:
And care we must our wives to please,
Or else we shall be ill at ease.
  You see, my Lord, what 'tis I lack,
'Tis only some convenient tack,
Some parsonage-house, with garden sweet,
To be my late, my last retreat;
A decent church close by its side,
There preaching, praying, to reside;
And as my time securely rolls,
To save my own and others' souls.

HIS GRACE'S ANSWER.

BY DR. SWIFT.

Dear Smed; I read thy brilliant lines,
Where wit in all its glory shines;
Where compliments, with all their pride,
Are by their numbers dignified:
I hope to make you yet as clean
As that same, *viz.* St. Patrick's Dean:
I'll give thee surplice, verge, and stall,
And, may be, something else withal;
And were you not so good a writer,
I should present you with a mitre.
Write worse then, if you can—be wise—
Believe me 'tis the way to rise.

3 Connor is united to the bishopric of Down; but there are two Deans.

Talk not of making of thy nest;
Ah! never lay thy head to rest;
That head so well with wisdom fraught,
That writes without the toil of thought:
While others rack their busy brains,
You are not in the least at pains.
Down to your Deanery now repair,
And build a castle in the air;
I'm sure a man of your fine sense
Can do it with a small expense:
There your dear spouse and you together
May breathe your bellies full of ether.
When lady Luna is your neighbour,
She'll help your wife when she's in labour,
Well skill'd in midwife-artifices,
For she herself oft falls in pieces.
There you shall see a rareeshow
Will make you scorn this world below,
When you behold the Milky-way
As white as snow, as bright as day,
The glittering constellations roll
About the grinding Arctic pole;
The lovely tingling in your ears,
Wrought by the music of the spheres—
Your spouse shall then no longer hector,
You need not fear a curtain-lecture;
Nor shall she think that she is undone
For quitting her beloved London.
When she's exalted in the skies,
She'll never think of mutton pies;
When you're advanc'd above Dean, *viz.*
You'll never think of Goody Griz,
But ever, ever live at ease,
And strive, and strive, your wife to please:

In her you'll centre all your joys,
And get ten thousand girls and boys;
Ten thousand girls and boys you'll get,
And they, like stars, shall rise and set;
While you and spouse, transform'd, shall soon,
Be a new sun and a new moon:
Nor shall you strive your horns to hide,
For then your horns shall be your pride.

DEAN SWIFT

AT SIR ARTHUR ACHESON'S,

IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

The Dean would visit Market-hill,
Our invitation was but slight;
I said—'Why, let him, if he will;'—
And so I bid Sir Arthur write.

His manners would not let him wait,
Lest we should think ourselves neglected;
And so we saw him at our gate
Three days before he was expected.

After a week, a month, a quarter,
And day succeeding after day,
Says not a word of his departure,
Though not a soul would have him stay.

I've said enough to make him blush,
Methinks, or else the devil's in't;
But he cares not for it a rush,
Nor, for my life, will take the hint.

But you, my Dear! may let him know,
In civil language, if he stays,
How deep and foul the roads may grow,
And that he may command the chaise.

Or you may say—'My wife intends,
Though I should be exceeding proud,
This winter to invite some friends;
And, Sir, I know you hate a crowd.'

Or, 'Mr. Dean—I should with joy
Beg you would here continue still,
But we must go to Aghnacloy[1],
Or Mr. Moore will take it ill.'

The house-accounts are daily rising,
So much his stay doth swell the bills;
My dearest Life! it is surprising
How much he eats, how much he swills.

His brace of puppies how they stuff!
And they must have three meals a day,
Yet never think they get enough;
His horses, too, eat all our hay.

Oh! if I could, how I would maul
His tallow-face and wainscot-paws,
His beetle-brows and eyes of wall,
And make him soon give up the cause.

Must I be every moment chid
With Skinny-Bonia, Snip, and Lean[2]?
Oh! that I could but once be rid
Of this insulting, tyrant Dean!

1 The seat of Acheson Moore, Esq.
2 The Dean used to call Lady Acheson by those names.

SONGS AND BALLADS[1].

SUNG AT THE CLUB

AT MR. TAPLIN'S,

THE SIGN OF THE DRAPIER'S HEAD IN TRUCK-STREET.

—— Exegi monumentum ære perennius.

With brisk merry lays
We'll sing to the praise
  Of that honest patriot the Drapier,
Who, all the world knows,
Confounded our foes
  With nothing but pen, ink, and paper.

A spirit divine
Ran through every line,
  And made all our hearts for to caper:
He sav'd us our goods,
And dumbfounder'd Wood's;
  Then long life and health to the Drapier.

We ne'er shall forget
His judgment or wit,

[1] Some of the following Songs are evidently not of the Dean's writing; but as they bear some relation to the patriotic disputes in which he successfully engaged, they have been printed both in the English and Irish editions of his Works.

But life, you must know, is a vapour;
In ages to come,
We well may presume,
They'll monuments raise to the Drapier.

When senator's meet,
They'll surely think fit
To honour and praise the good Drapier;
Nay, juries shall join,
And sheriffs combine,
To thank him in well-written paper.

You men of the Comb,
Come, lay by your loom,
And go to the sign of The Drapier;
To Taplin declare
You one and all are
Kind, loving, good friends to his Paper.

Then join hand in hand,
To each other firm stand,
All health to the Club and the Drapier,
Who merrily meet,
And sing in Truck-street,
In praise of the well-written Paper.

SINCE the Drapier's set up, and Wood is cried down,
Let ballads be made by the bards of this town,
To thank the brave Drapier for what he has done,
Which no body can deny, brave boys! which no body can deny.

When a project to ruin this nation was laid,
To drain all our gold, and give brass in its stead,
The Drapier he writ, and knock'd all on the head,
Which no body can deny, &c.

His advice he address'd to men of all ranks,
Which timely supported our trade and our banks,
And no doubt the next session he'll have public thanks,
Which no body can deny, &c.

But who could imagine that some men in place,
Were for bringing this Drapier to shame and disgrace,
Because he had writ upon too nice a case?
Which no body can deny, &c.

That a Judge of this country should use all his skill
To prevail on a jury for finding a bill,
And dissolve them because they thwarted his will?
Which no body can deny, &c.

In vain are all offers the Drapier to take,
This kingdom ne'er cherish'd a poisonous snake,
And informers are wretches all men will forsake,
Which no body can deny, &c.

And for the good things he has brought to pass,
We here for a sign have set up his face,
And wish we could set up his statue in brass,
Which no body can deny, &c.

Then, Taplin, fill out a glass of the best,
And let the King's health be drunk by each guest,
Let it shine in his face and glow in his breast,
Which no body can deny, &c.

For Carteret's merit a bumper prepare,
Whose faithful report of our loyalty here,
Has baffled our foes, and remov'd all our fear,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

The Protestant-interest abroad and at home,
Our friends in this city, and those on the Comb,
Shall be pledg'd by all members in this Club and room,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Make haste, honest Taplin! and bring t'other pot,
The Drapier's good friends must not be forgot,
While you have good liquor, or we have a groat,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Of a worthy Dublin Drapier
My purpose is to speak,
Who for no private interest,
But for his country's sake,
By virtuous honour led,
Egregious hazards run;
And, so he set his country free,
Could more have undergone.

Twice was he persecuted
By traitors to the state;
And twice, by Virtue guarded,
He did their wiles defeat:
Seek all the world about,
And you will hardly find
A man for honour to excel
Our gallant Drapier's mind.

For he was bred in Dublin,
The chief of men was he;
From thence sent o'er to London,
A 'prentice for to be:
A banker near the court
Did like his service so,
That a warm farm in his own land
He did on him bestow.

When back again to Ireland
This worthy Drapier came,
He cast about most nobly,
To' advance his wealth and fame;
And had the simple natives
Observ'd his sage advice,
Their wealth and fame, some years ago,
Had reach'd above the skies.

For oft he them admonish'd
To mind the draping trade,
And wear no manufactures
But what themselves had made;
But whilst by thoughtless mortals
His schemes neglected lay,
Some foes unto their country's weal
His person would betray.

When thus her sons turn enemies,
What nation free can last?
And now, to quite enslave us,
A champion over pass'd,
In copper-armour clad,
A Wooden tool of might,
Who by his boast of power did
All Ireland affright.

With just disdain the Drapier
Beheld his brazen pride,
He could not hear with patience
How he our laws defied;
Forgetting former wrongs,
Unto our aid he flew,
And with resistless courage, he
This giant overthrew.

But, oh! the curs'd ingratitude
Of some! (no matter where)
Let all their names in history
With infamy appear;
For to reward his love,
In saving of their land,
They plotted to deliver him
Into the traitor's hand.

The Drapier at this treatment
Was not a whit dismay'd,
But for his country's safety,
More than his own, afraid;
He bravely sent 'em word
He'd stand the brunt of all,
If they would but secure the land
From Wood's sad brazen thrall.

Thus doth our gallant Drapier
His trade and all expose,
To save the land from foreign
And from domestic foes;
Who, their own turn to serve,
Most basely would agree
To bring us in dependence,
Who are by nature free.

For he hath shown most clearly
We can't be free by halves,
And those to subjects subject
Can be no less than slaves.
As yet no acts we've made,
And grant we never may,
To give our brethren title
To their pretended sway.

Then with your constant praises
The Drapier's name adorn,
Whilst those who would betray him
Deserve the utmost scorn:
In honouring his worth
Let grateful friends be found,
And with his health, next to the King's,
Let glasses go all round.

Now we're free by nature,
Let us all our power exert,
Since each human creature
May his right assert.

CHORUS.

Fill bumpers to the Drapier
Whose convincing paper
Set us, gloriously,
From brazen fetters free.

His warm zeal inspir'd us
To withstand our country's fate,
Whilst his writings fir'd us,
Ere it was too late.
Fill bumpers, &c.

A true Roman spirit
  Fir'd our mighty hero's breast:
By him we inherit
  What can make us blest.
  Fill bumpers, &c.

Thus he, bright in story,
  Like great Nassau once before,
Freed us all with glory,
  What could mortal more?
    Fill bumpers, &c.

All friends to the Drapier,
  Who revere his worthy name,
In honour to his Paper
  Sing his lasting fame.
    Fill bumpers, &c.

Thus, ye sons of Pleasure,
  Who at Taplin's weekly sing,
In alternate measure
  Loudly let him ring.
    Fill bumpers, &c.

When Wood had like to have taken root,
  And canker'd all the nation,
The Drapier soon oppos'd his suit,
  And stem'd his innovation.
As when by Winter's hoary chains
  The meadows are involv'd,
When Phœbus shines upon the plains
  They're by his rays dissolv'd;

So when the Drapier did maintain
  Our cause, to whom we're debtors,
The fire of his heroic vein
  Destroy'd our brazen fetters.
Our liberty by him's restor'd;
  Wood's foil'd by his own rapier;
Nor owe we more to Nassau's sword
  Than to his pen and paper.
Amidst his foes, the hero (full
  Of rage) outbrav'd the danger;
And hence the brazen-footed bull
  Was sent to rack and manger.
Toss off your bumpers, raise a song,
  He ne'er shall be forgotten;
His name shall charm each listening throng,
  When Wood is dead and rotten.
Let healths go round: cheer up, my boys!
  And, whilst the spirit moves ye,
Devote the present time to joys——
  And music, as behoves ye.
Here; honest Taplin! spare no man;
  Go, fetch us t'other bottle;
We'll dance like Phœbus, sing like Pan,
  And drink like Aristotle.

A BALLAD

ON THE GAME OF TRAFFIC.

WRITTEN AT THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN, IN THE TIME OF THE EARL OF BERKELEY'S GOVERNMENT.

My Lord, to find out who must deal,
  Delivers cards about;
But the first knave does seldom fail
  To find the Doctor out.

But then his Honour cried, 'Gadzooks,'
  And seem'd to knit his brow;
For on a knave he never looks
  But he thinks upon Jack How.

My Lady, though she is no player,
  Some bungling partner takes,
And, wedg'd in corner of a chair,
  Takes snuff, and holds the stakes.

Dame Floyd looks out in grave suspense
  For pair-royals and sequents;
But, wisely cautious of her pence,
  The Castle seldom frequents.

Quoth Herries, fairly putting cases,
  'I'd won it on my word,
If I had but a pair of aces,
  And could pick up a third.'

But Weston has a new-cast gown
  On Sundays to be fine in,
And if she can but win a crown,
  'Twill just new-die the lining.

'With these is Parson Swift,
  Not knowing how to spend his time,
Does make a wretched shift
  To deafen them with puns and rhyme[1].'

TO THE

TUNE OF THE CUTPURSE.

WRITTEN IN 1703.

Once on a time, as old stories rehearse,
  A friar would needs show his talent in Latin,
But was sorely put to't in the midst of a verse,
  Because he could find no word to come pat in;
Then all in the place,
He left a void space
And so went to bed in a desperate case:
When behold the next morning a wonderful riddle!
He found it was strangely fill'd up in the middle.

CHORUS.

Let censuring critics then think what they list on't;
Who would not write verses with such an assistant?

[1] Lady Betty Berkeley, finding this ballad in the author's room unfinished, underwrit the last stanza, and left the paper where she had found it: which gave occasion to the following ballad, written by the author in a counterfeit hand, as if a third person had done it.

This put me the friar into an amazement,
For he wisely consider'd it must be a sprite
That came through the key-hole or in at the casement,
And it needs must be one that could both read and write:
Yet he did not know
If it were friend or foe,
Or whether it came from above or below:
Howe'er it was civil in angel or elf,
For he ne'er could have fill'd it so well of himself.
CHO. Let censuring, &c.

Even so Master Doctor had puzzled his brains
In making a ballad, but was at a stand;
He had mix'd little wit with a great deal of pains,
When he found a new help from invisible hand.
Then, good Doctor Swift!
Pay thanks for the gift,
For you freely must own you were at a dead lift;
And though some malicious young spirit did do't,
You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot.
CHO. Let censuring, &c.

AN

EXCELLENT NEW SONG

ON A SEDITIOUS PAMPHLET[1].

(To the Tune of Packington's Pound.)

WRITTEN IN 1720.

Brocadoes, and damasks, and tabbies, and
gauzes,
Are by Robert Ballantine lately brought over,
With forty things more: now hear what the law says,
'Whoe'er will not wear them, is not the King's
lover.'
Though a Printer and Dean
Seditiously mean
Our true Irish hearts from old England to wean,
We'll buy English silks for our wives and our
daughters,
In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

In England the dead in woollen are clad,
The Dean and his Printer then let us cry 'Fie on;'
To be cloth'd like a carcass would make a Teague
mad,
Since a living dog better is than a dead lion.

1 Dr. Swift having wrote a treatise, advising the people of Ireland to wear their own manufactures, a prosecution was set on foot against Waters the printer thereof, which was carried on with so much violence, that Lord Chief Justice Whitshed thought proper in a manner the most extraordinary, to keep the grand jury above twelve hours, and to send them eleven times out of court, until he had wearied them into a special verdict.

Our wives they grow sullen
At wearing of woollen,
And all we poor shopkeepers must our horns pull in:
Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

Whoever our trading with England would hinder,
To inflame both the nations do plainly conspire,
Because Irish linen will soon turn to tinder,
And wool it is greasy, and quickly takes fire:
Therefore I assure ye
Our noble grand jury
When they saw the Dean's book they were in a great fury:
They would buy English silks for their wives and their daughters,
In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

This wicked rogue Waters, who always is sinning,
And before *coram nobus* so oft has been call'd,
Henceforward shall print neither pamphlets nor linen,
And, if swearing can do't, shall be swingingly maul'd:
And as for the Dean,
You know whom I mean,
If the Printer will 'peach him he'll scarce come off clean.
Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

WILL WOOD'S PETITION

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

BEING AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG;

SUPPOSED TO BE MADE AND SUNG IN THE STREETS OF DUBLIN, BY WILLIAM WOOD, IRONMONGER AND HALFPENNY-MONGER, 1725.

My dear Irish folks,
Come leave off your jokes,
And buy up my halfpence so fine;
So fair and so bright,
They'll give you delight;
Observe how they glister and shine.

They'll sell, to my grief,
As cheap as neck-beef,
For counters at cards to your wife;
And every day
Your children may play
Span-farthing, or Toss on the knife.

Come hither and try,
I'll teach you to buy
A pot of good ale for a farthing:
Come, threepence a score,
I ask you no more,
And a fig for the Drapier and Harding[1].

When tradesmen have gold,
The thief will be bold

[1] The Drapier's Printer.

By day and by night for to rob him:
My copper is such
No robber will touch,
And so you may daintily bob him.

The little blackguard,
Who gets very hard
His halfpence for cleaning your shoes,
When his pockets are cramm'd
With mine, and be d——'d,
He may swear he has nothing to lose.

Here's halfpence in plenty,
For one you'll have twenty,
Though thousands are not worth a pudding;
Your neighbours will think,
When your pocket cries Chink,
You are grown plaguy rich on a sudden.

You will be my thankers,
I'll make you my bankers,
As good as Ben Burton or Fade[2];
For nothing shall pass
But my pretty brass,
And then you'll be all of a trade.

I'm a son of a whore
If I have a word more
To say in this wretched condition;
If my coin will not pass,
I must die like an ass;
And so I conclude my Petition.

[2] Two famous bankers.

AN

EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD:

OR, THE TRUE ENGLISH DEAN[1] TO BE HANGED FOR A RAPE.

WRITTEN IN 1730.

Our brethren of England, who love us so dear,
And in all they do for us so kindly do mean,
A blessing upon them! have sent us this year,
For the good of our church, a true English Dean:
A holier priest ne'er was wrapt up in crape;
The worst you can say, he committed a Rape.

In his journey to Dublin he lighted at Chester,
And there he grew fond of another man's wife;
Burst into her chamber, and would have caress'd her,
But she valued her honour much more than her life.
She bustled, and struggled, and made her escape
To a room full of guests, for fear of a Rape.

The Dean he pursued to recover his game;
And now to attack her again he prepares;
But the company stood in defence of the dame;
They cudgell'd and cuff'd him, and kick'd him down stairs.
His Deanship was now in a damnable scrape,
And this was no time for committing a Rape.

1 Sawbridge, Dean of Ferues.

To Dublin he comes, to the bagnio he goes,
And orders the landlord to bring him a whore;
No scruple came on him his gown to expose,
'Twas what all his life he had practis'd before:
He had made himself drunk with the juice of the grape,
And got a good clap, but committed no Rape.

The Dean and his landlord, a jolly comrade,
Resolv'd for a fortnight to swim in delight;
For why, they had both been brought up to the trade
Of drinking all day, and of whoring all night:
His landlord was ready his Deanship to ape
In every debauch, but committing a Rape.

This Protestant zealot, this English divine,
In church and in state was of principle sound;
Was truer than Steele to the Hanover line,
And griev'd that a Tory should live above ground.
Shall a subject so loyal be hang'd by the nape,
For no other crime but committing a Rape?

By old Popish canons, as wise men have pen'd 'em,
Each priest had a concubine *jure ecclesiæ;*
Who'd be Dean of Fernes without a *Commendam?*
And precedents we can produce if it please ye.
Then why should the Dean, when whores are so cheap,
Be put to the peril and toil of a Rape?

If Fortune should please but to take such a crotchet,
(To thee I apply, great Smedley's successor)
To give thee lawn-sleeves, a mitre and rochet,
Whom wouldst thou resemble? I leave thee a guesser;

But I only behold thee in Atherton's[2] shape,
For Sodomy hang'd, as thou for a Rape.

Ah! dost thou not envy the brave Col'nel Chartres,
Condemn'd for thy crime at threescore and ten?
To hang him all England would lend him their gar-
Yet he lives, and is ready to ravish again. [ters,
Then throttle thyself with an ell of strong tape,
For thou hast not a groat to atone for a Rape.

The Dean he was vex'd that his whores were so
willing; [squall;
He long'd for a girl that would struggle and
He ravish'd her fairly, and sav'd a good shilling,
But here was to pay the devil and all.
His trouble and sorrows now came in a heap,
And hang'd he must be for committing a Rape.

If maidens are ravish'd, it is their own choice;
Why are they so wilful to struggle with men?
If they would but lie quiet, and stifle their voice,
No devil nor dean could ravish 'em then;
Nor would there be need of a strong hempen cape
Tied round the Dean's neck for committing a Rape.

Our church and our state dear England maintains,
For which all true Protestant hearts should be
glad;
She sends us our bishops, and judges, and deans,
And better would give us, if better she had.
But, Lord! how the rabble will stare and will gape,
When the good English Dean is hang'd up for a
Rape!

[2] A Bishop of Waterford, sent from England 100 years ago.

A LOVE SONG,

IN THE MODERN TASTE.

WRITTEN IN 1733.

FLUTTERING spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid! o'er my heart;
I a slave in thy dominions,
Nature must give way to Art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth!
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia! tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Discretion! string the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers;
Bright Apollo! lend thy choir.

Gloomy Pluto! king of terrors!
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors
Watering soft Elysian plains.

Mournful cypress! verdant willow!
Gilding my Aurelia's brows;
Morpheus! hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy smooth Meander
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

Thus when Philomela drooping
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping,
Melody resigns to Fate.

A LOVE SONG.

A PUD in is almi des ire,
Mimis tres I ne ver re qui re;
Alo veri findit a gestis,
His mi seri ne verat restis.

THE

YAHOO'S OVERTHROW:

OR, THE KEVAN BAYL'S NEW BALLAD, UPON SERJEANT KITE'S INSULTING THE DEAN.

To the tune of 'Derry down.'

JOLLY boys of St. Kevan's, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, I'll tell you, if not told before,
How Bettesworth, that booby and scoundrel in grain,
Hath insulted us all, by insulting the Dean.
Knock him down, down, down, knock him down.

The Dean and his merits we every one know,
But this skip of a lawyer, where the de'il did he grow?
How greater's his merit at Four Courts or House,
Than the barking of Towzer, or leap of a louse?
Knock him down, &c.

That he came from the Temple his morals do show,
But where his deep law is, few mortals yet know:
His rhetoric, bombast, silly jests, are by far
More like to lampooning than pleading at bar.
Knock him down, &c.

This pedlar, at speaking and making of laws,
Hath met with returns of all sorts but applause;
Has with noise and odd gestures been prating some years
What honester folks never durst for their ears.
Knock him down, &c.

Of all sizes and sorts, the fanatical crew
Are his brother Protestants, good men and true:
Red hat, and blue bonnet, and turbans the same;
What the de'il is't to him whence the devil they came?
Knock him down, &c.

Hobbes, Tindal, and Woolston, and Collins, and Naylor,
And Muggleton, Toland, and Bradley the tailor,
Are Christians alike; and it may be aver'd
He's a Christian as good as the rest of the herd.
Knock him down, &c.

He only the rights of the clergy debates, [rates;
Their rights! their importance! we'll set on new
On their tythes at half-nothing, their priesthood at less:
What's next to be voted with ease you may guess.
Knock him down, &c.

At length his old master (I need not him name)
To this damnable speaker had long ow'd a shame;
When his speech came abroad he paid him off clean,
By leaving him under the pen of the Dean.
Knock him down, &c.

He kindled as if the whole satire had been
The oppression of Virtue, not wages of Sin:
He began as he bragg'd, with a rant and a roar;
He bragg'd how he bounc'd, and he swore how he swore.
Knock him down, &c.

Though he cring'd to his Deanship in very low strains,
To others he boasted of knocking out brains,

And slitting of noses and cropping of ears,
While his own ass's zaggs were more fit for the shears.
Knock him down, &c.

On this worrier of Deans, whene'er we can hit,
We'll show him the way how to crop and to slit;
We'll teach him some better address to afford
To the Dean of all Deans, though he wears not a sword.
Knock him down, &c.

We'll colt him through Kevan, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, as Rap was ne'er colted before;
We'll oil him with kennel, and powder him with grains,
A modus right fit for insulters of Deans.
Knock him down, &c.

And when this is over, we'll make him amends,
To the Dean he shall go; they shall kiss and be friends:
But how?—Why, the Dean shall to him disclose
A face for to kiss without eyes, ears, or nose.
Knock him down, &c.

If you say this is hard, on a man that is reckon'd
That serjeant at law whom we call Kite the Second,
You mistake; for a slave who will coax his superiors,
May be proud to be licking a great man's posteriors.
Knock him down, &c.

What care we how high runs his passion or pride?
Though his soul he despises, he values his hide:
Then fear not his tongue, or his sword, or his knife;
He'll take his revenge on his innocent wife.
Knock him down, down, down,—keep him down.

DINGLEY AND BRENT[1].

A Song.

(To the tune of 'Ye Commons and Peers.')

Dingley and Brent,
Wherever they went,
Ne'er minded a word that was spoken;
Whatever was said
They ne'er troubled their head,
But laugh'd at their own silly joking.

Should Solomon wise
In majesty rise,
And show them his wit and his learning,
They never would hear,
But turn the deaf ear,
As a matter they had no concern in.

You tell a good jest,
And please all the rest,
Comes Dingley, and asks you, 'What was it?'
And, curious to know,
Away she will go
To seek an old rag in the closet.

[1] Brent, a gentleman of wit and learning, who had written some sarcastic verses upon Sheridan.—Dingley, Dr. Swift's housekeeper.

AN

EXCELLENT NEW SONG,

BEING THE INTENDED SPEECH OF A FAMOUS ORATOR AGAINST PEACE.

An orator Dismal of Nottinghamshire,
Who has forty years let out his conscience to hire,
Out of zeal for his country, and want of a place,
Is come up, *vi et armis*, to break the Queen's peace.
He has vamp'd an old speech; and the court, to their sorrow,
Shall hear him harangue against Prior to-morrow.
When once he begins he never will flinch,
But repeats the same note a whole day, like a finch.
I have heard all the speech repeated by Hoppy,
And, mistakes to prevent, I've obtained a copy.

THE SPEECH.

Whereas, notwithstanding, I am in great pain,
To hear we are making a peace without Spain;
But, most noble senators! 'tis a great shame
There should be a peace, while I am not in game.
The Duke show'd me all his fine house; and the Duchess
From her closet brought out a full purse in her clutches:
I talk'd of a peace, and they both gave a start,
His Grace swore by G—, and her Grace let a f—t:

My long old-fashion'd pocket was presently
cramm'd,
And sooner than vote for a peace I'll be damn'd.
But some will cry Turncoat, and rip up old stories,
How I always pretended to be for the Tories.
I answer, the Tories were in my good graces,
Till all my relations were put into places;
But still I'm in principle ever the same,
And will quit my best friends while I'm not in game.

When I and some others subscribed our names
To a plot, for expelling my master King James;
I withdrew my subscription by help of a blot,
And so might discover or gain by the plot:
I had my advantage, and stood at defiance,
For Daniel was got from the den of the lions:
I came in without danger; and was I to blame?
For rather than hang I would be not in game.

I swore to the Queen that the Prince of Hanover
During her sacred life should never come over:
I made use of a trope, that an heir to invite,
Was like keeping her monument always in sight;
But when I thought proper I alter'd my note,
And in her own hearing I boldly did vote
That her Majesty stood in great need of a tutor,
And must have an old or a young coadjutor:
For why, I would fain have put all in a flame,
Because, for some reasons, I was not in game.

Now my new benefactors have brought me about,
And I'll vote against peace with Spain or without.
Though the court gives my nephews, and brothers,
and cousins,
And all my whole family, places by dozens,
Yet since I know where a full purse may be found,
And hardly pay eighteenpence tax in the pound;

Since the Tories have thus disappointed my hopes,
And will neither regard my figures nor tropes,
I'll speech against peace while Dismal's my name,
And be a true Whig while I am not in game.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER TO BALLYSPELLIN[1],

WRITTEN BY DR. SHERIDAN.

DARE you dispute, you saucy brute,
And think there's no refelling
Your scurvy lays, and senseless praise
You give to Ballyspellin?

Howe'er you bounce, I here pronounce
Your med'cine is repelling;
Your water's mud, and scours the blood,
When drank at Ballyspellin.

Those pocky drabs, to cure their scabs,
You thither are compelling,
Will back be sent, worse than they went,
From nasty Ballyspellin.

Llewellyn why? as well may I
Name honest Doctor Pellin;
So hard sometimes you tug for rhymes,
To bring in Ballyspellin.

[1] This Answer was resented by Dr. Sheridan as an affront on himself and the lady he attended to the Spa.

No subject fit to try your wit
When you went colonelling,
But dull intrigues 'twixt jades and Teagues
That met at Ballyspellin.

Our lasses fair, say what you dare,
Who sowing make with shelling,
At Market-hill more beaux can kill,
Than your's at Ballyspellin.

Would I was whipt, when Sheelah stript
To wash herself our well in;
A bum so white ne'er came in sight
At paltry Ballyspellin.

Your mawkins there, smocks hempen wear,
Of Holland not an ell in;
No, not a rag whate'er you brag,
Is found at Ballyspellin.

But Tom will prate at any rate,
All other nymphs expelling,
Because he gets a few grizettes
At lousy Ballyspellin.

There's bonny Jane in yonder lane,
Just o'er against the Bell-Inn;
Where can you meet a lass so sweet
Round all your Ballyspellin?

We have a girl deserves an earl,
She came from Enniskellin;
So fair, so young, no such among
The belles at Ballyspellin.

How would you stare to see her there
The foggy mists dispelling,
That cloud the brows of every blowse
Who lives at Ballyspellin!

Now as I live, I would not give
A stiver for a skellin,
To towse and kiss the fairest miss
That leaks at Ballyspellin.

Whoe'er will raise such lies as these,
Deserves a good cudgelling;
Who falsely boasts of belles and toasts
At dirty Ballyspellin.

My rhymes are gone to all but one,
Which is, our trees are felling;
As proper quite as those you write
To force in Ballyspellin.

RIDDLES.

I.

WRITTEN IN 1724[1].

In youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white;
My person tall, and slender waist
On either side with fringes grac'd,
Till me that tyrant man espied,
And dragg'd me from my mother's side.
No wonder now I look so thin;
The tyrant stripp'd me to the skin:
My skin he flay'd, my hair he cropt,
At head and foot my body lopt,
And then, with heart more hard than stone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To slit my tongue and make me speak;

[1] Some ingenious gentlemen, friends to the author, used to entertain themselves with writing Riddles, and sending them to him and other acquaintances, copies of which ran about, and some of them were printed both in England and Ireland. The author, at his leisure hours, fell into the same amusement, although it be said that he thought them of no great merit, entertainment, or use.

But that which wonderful appears,
I speak to eyes and not to ears.
He oft employs me in disguise,
And makes me tell a thousand lies:
To me he chiefly gives in trust
To please his malice or his lust:
From me no secret he can hide;
I see his vanity and pride,
And my delight is to expose
His follies to his greatest foes.
  All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I understand.
Without my aid the best divine
In learning would not know a line;
The lawyer must forget his pleading,
The scholar could not show his reading.
  Nay, man, my master, is my slave:
I give command to kill or save;
Can grant ten thousand pounds a year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.
  But while I thus my life relate,
I only hasten on my fate:
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
Am on some dunghill left to rot.

II.

All-ruling tyrant of the earth,
To vilest slaves I owe my birth.
How is the greatest monarch bless'd,
When in my gaudy livery dress'd!

No haughty nymph has power to run
From me, or my embraces shun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My constancy is still the same.
The favourite messenger of Jove,
And Lemnian god, consulting strove
To make me glorious to the sight
Of mortals, and the gods' delight:
Soon would their altars' flame expire
If I refus'd to lend them fire.

III.

By fate exalted high in place,
Lo! here I stand with double face;
Superior none on earth I find,
But see below me all mankind:
Yet as it oft attends the great,
I almost sink with my own weight.
At every motion undertook,
The vulgar all consult my look:
I sometimes give advice in writing,
But never of my own inditing.
I am a courtier in my way,
For those who rais'd me, I betray;
And some give out that I entice
To lust, and luxury, and dice,
Who punishments on me inflict,
Because they find their pockets pick'd.
By riding post I lose my health,
And only to get others wealth.

IV.

Because I am by nature blind,
I wisely choose to walk behind;
However, to avoid disgrace,
I let no creature see my face.
My words are few, but spoke with sense,
And yet my speaking gives offence;
Or, if to whisper I presume,
The company will fly the room.
By all the world I am opprest,
And my oppression gives them rest.
  Through me, though sore against my will,
Instructors every art instil.
By thousands I am sold and bought,
Who neither get nor lose a groat;
For none, alas! by me can gain,
But those who give me greatest pain.
Shall man presume to be my master,
Who's but my caterer and taster?
Yet though I always have my will,
I'm but a mere depender still;
An humble hanger-on at best,
Of whom all people make a jest.
  In me detractors seek to find
Two vices of a different kind:
I'm too profuse, some censurers cry,
And all I get, I let it fly;
While others give me many a curse,
Because too close I hold my purse.
But this I know, in either case
They dare not charge me to my face.

'Tis true, indeed, sometimes I save,
Sometimes run out of all I have;
But when the year is at an end,
Computing what I get and spend,
My goings-out and comings-in,
I cannot find I lose or win,
And therefore all that know me say,
I justly keep the middle way.
I'm always by my betters led;
I last get up, am first a-bed;
Though if I rise before my time,
The learn'd in sciences sublime
Consult the stars, and thence foretel
Good luck to those with whom I dwell.

V.

The joy of man, the pride of brutes,
Domestic subject for disputes,
Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care,
I saw thee rais'd to high renown,
Supporting half the British crown;
And often have I seen thee grace
The chaste Diana's infant face,
And whensoe'er you please to shine,
Less useful is her light than thine:
Thy numerous fingers know their way,
And oft in Celia's tresses play.
To place thee in another view,
I'll show the world strange things and true;
What lords and dames of high degree
May justly claim their birth from thee!

The soul of man with spleen you vex;
Of spleen you cure the female sex.
Thee for a gift the courtier sends
With pleasure to his special friends:
He gives, and with a generous pride,
Contrives all means the gift to hide,
Nor oft can the receiver know
Whether he has the gift or no.
On airy wings you take your flight,
And fly unseen both day and night;
Conceal your form with various tricks,
And few know how or where you fix:
Yet some, who ne'er bestow'd thee, boast
That they to others give thee most.
Meantime, the wise a question start,
If thou a real being art,
Or but a creature of the brain,
That gives imaginary pain?
But the sly giver better knows thee,
Who feels true joys when he bestows thee.

VI.

Though I, alas! a prisoner be,
My trade is prisoners to set free.
No slave his lord's commands obeys
With such insinuating ways:
My genius piercing sharp, and bright,
Wherein the men of wit delight,
The clergy keep me for their ease,
And turn and wind me as they please.
A new and wondrous art I show
Of raising spirits from below;

In scarlet some, and some in white,
They rise, walk round, yet never fright:
In at each mouth the spirits pass,
Distinctly seen as through a glass,
O'er head and body make a rout,
And drive at last all secrets out;
And still the more I show my art,
The more they open every heart.
A greater chemist none than I,
Who from materials hard and dry
Have taught men to extract with skill
More precious juice than from a still.
Although I'm often out of case,
I'm not asham'd to show my face:
Though at the tables of the great
I near the sideboard take my seat,
Yet the plain squire, when dinner's done,
Is never pleas'd till I make one:
He kindly bids me near him stand,
And often takes me by the hand.
I twice a day a hunting go,
Nor ever fail to seize my foe;
And when I have him by the pole,
I drag him upwards from his hole;
Though some are of so stubborn kind,
I'm forc'd to leave a limb behind.
I hourly wait some fatal end,
For I can break, but scorn to bend.

VII.

THE GULF OF ALL HUMAN POSSESSIONS.

WRITTEN IN 1724.

COME hither, and behold the fruits,
Vain man! of all thy vain pursuits:
Take wise advice, and look behind;
Bring all past actions to thy mind.
Here you may see, as in a glass,
How soon all human pleasures pass.
How will it mortify thy pride,
To turn the true impartial side!
How will your eyes contain their tears,
When all the sad reverse appears!
  This cave within its womb confines
The last result of all designs:
Here lie deposited the spoils
Of busy mortals' endless toils;
Here with an easy search we find
The foul corruptions of mankind;
The wretched purchase here behold
Of traitors who their country sold.
  This gulf insatiable imbibes
The lawyer's fees, the statesman's bribes:
Here, in their proper shape and mien,
Fraud, Perjury, and Guilt, are seen.
  Necessity, the tyrant's law,
All human race must hither draw;

All prompted by the same desire,
The vigorous youth and aged sire.
Behold the coward and the brave,
The haughty prince, the humble slave,
Physician, lawyer, and divine,
All make oblations at this shrine.
Some enter boldly, some by stealth,
And leave behind their fruitless wealth;
For while the bashful silvan maid,
As half asham'd and half afraid,
Approaching, finds it hard to part
With that which dwelt so near her heart,
The courtly dame, unmov'd by fear,
Profusely pours her offerings here.
A treasure here of learning lurks,
Huge heaps of never-dying works;
Labours of many an ancient sage,
And millions of the present age.
In at this gulf all offerings pass
And lie an undistinguish'd mass.
Deucalion to restore mankind
Was bid to throw the stones behind;
So those who here their gifts convey,
Are forc'd to look another way;
For few, a chosen few, must know
The mysteries that lie below.
Sad charnel-house! a dismal dome,
For which all mortals leave their home;
The young, the beautiful, and brave,
Here buried in one common grave,
Where each supply of dead renews
Unwholesome damps, offensive dews;
And, lo! the writing on the walls
Points out where each new victim falls,

The food of worms, and beasts obscene,
Who round the vault luxuriant reign.
  See where those mangled corpses lie,
Condemn'd by female hands to die;
A comely dame, once clad in white,
Lies there consign'd to endless night;
By cruel hands her blood was spilt,
And yet her wealth was all her guilt.
  And here six virgins in a tomb,
All-beauteous offspring of one womb,
Oft in the train of Venus seen,
As fair and lovely as their queen,
In royal garments each was drest,
Each with a gold and purple vest;
I saw them of their garments stript,
Their throats were cut, their bellies ript;
Twice were they buried, twice were born,
Twice from their sepulchres were torn;
But now dismember'd, here are cast,
And find a resting-place at last.
  Here oft the curious traveller finds
The combat of opposing winds,
And seeks to learn the secret cause
Which alien seems from Nature's laws;
Why at this cave's tremendous mouth
He feels at once both north and south;
Whether the winds in caverns pent
Through clefts oppugnant force a vent;
Or whether, opening all his stores,
Fierce Æolus in tempest roars.
  Yet from this mingled mass of things
In time a new Creation springs:
These crude materials once shall rise
To fill the earth, and air, and skies;

In various forms appear again
Of vegetables, brutes, and men:
So Jove pronounc'd among the gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

VIII.

LOUISA TO STREPHON.

WRITTEN IN 1724.

Ah, Strephon! how can you despise
Her, who without thy pity dies?
To Strephon I have still been true,
And of as noble blood as you;
Fair issue of the genial bed,
A virgin in thy bosom bred;
Embrac'd thee closer than a wife;
When thee I leave, I leave my life.
Why should my shepherd take amiss
That oft I wake thee with a kiss?
Yet you of every kiss complain;
Ah! is not love a pleasing pain?
A pain which every happy night
You cure with ease and with delight;
With pleasure, as the poet sings,
Too great for mortals less than kings.
  Chloe, when on thy breast I lie,
Observes me with revengeful eye:
If Chloe o'er thy heart prevails,
She'll tear me with her desperate nails,
And with relentless hands destroy
The tender pledges of our joy:

Nor have I bred a spurious race;
They all were born from thy embrace.
Consider, Strephon, what you do,
For should I die for love of you,
I'll haunt thy dreams, a bloodless ghost;
And all my kin, a numerous host,
Who down direct our lineage bring
From victors o'er the Memphian king,
Renown'd in sieges and campaigns,
Who never fled the bloody plains,
Who in tempestuous seas can sport,
And scorn the pleasures of a court;
From whom great Sylla found his doom,
Who scourg'd to death that scourge of Rome,
Shall on thee take a vengeance dire:
Thou like Alcides shalt expire,
When his envenom'd shirt he wore,
And skin and flesh in pieces tore:
Nor less that shirt, my rival's gift,
Cut from the piece that made her shift,
Shall in thy dearest blood be died,
And make thee tear thy tainted hide.

IX.

WRITTEN IN 1725.

Depriv'd of root, and branch, and rind,
Yet flowers I bear of every kind,
And such is my prolific power,
They bloom in less than half an hour;
Yet standers-by may plainly see
They get no nourishment from me.

My head with giddiness goes round,
And yet I firmly stand my ground.
All over naked I am seen,
And painted like an Indian queen.
No couple-beggar in the land
Ere join'd such numbers hand in hand;
I join them fairly with a ring,
Nor can our parson blame the thing;
And though no marriage-words are spoke,
They part not till the ring is broke;
Yet hypocrite-fanatics cry,
I'm but an idol rais'd on high;
And once a weaver in our town,
A damn'd Cromwellian, knock'd me down.
I lay a prisoner twenty years,
And then the jovial Cavaliers
To their old post restor'd all three,
I mean the church, the king, and me.

X.

I WITH borrow'd silver shine;
What you see is none of mine.
First I show you but a quarter,
Like the bow that guards the Tartar,
Then the half, and then the whole,
Ever dancing round the pole.
And, what will raise your admiration,
I am not one of God's creation,
But sprung, (and I this truth maintain)
Like Pallas, from my father's brain;
And after all, I chiefly owe
My beauty to the shades below.

Most wondrous forms you see me wear,
A man, a woman, lion, bear,
A fish, a fowl, a cloud, a field;
All figures heav'n or earth can yield:
Like Daphne, sometimes in a tree;
Yet am not one of all you see.

XI.

BEGOTTEN, and born, and dying, with noise,
The terror of women and pleasure of boys;
Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I'm chiefly unruly when strongest confin'd.
For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead,
Except when I trade with a ship or a town,
Why, then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a spark;
The moment I get one my soul's all a fire,
I roar out my joy, and in transport expire.

XII.

THERE is a gate, we know full well,
That stands 'twixt heav'n, and earth, and hell,
Where many for a passage venture,
But very few are fond to enter;
Although 'tis open night and day,
They for that reason shun this way:
Both dukes and lords abhor its wood;
They can't come near it for their blood:

What other way they take to go,
Another time I'll let you know.
Yet commoners, with greatest ease,
Can find an entrance when they please.
The poorest hither march in state,
(Or they can never pass the gate)
Like Roman generals triumphant,
And then they take a turn, and jump ou't.
If gravest parsons here advance,
They cannot pass before they dance;
There's not a soul that does resort here,
But strips himself to pay the porter.

XIII.

From heaven I fall, though from earth I begin,
No lady alive can show such a skin.
I'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather,
But heavy and dark when you squeeze me together.
Though candour and truth in my aspect I bear,
Yet many poor creatures I help to insnare.
Though so much of heaven appears in my make,
The foulest impressions I easily take.
My parent and I produce one another,
The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

XIV.

I'm up and down, and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out;
Though hundreds have employ'd their leisure,
They never yet could find my measure.

I'm found almost in every garden,
Nay, in the compass of a farthing.
There's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
Can move an inch except I will.

XV.

I AM jet-black, as you may see,
The son of Pitch and gloomy Night,
Yet all that know me will agree
I'm dead, except I live in light.

Sometimes in panegyric high,
Like lofty Pindar, I can soar,
And raise a virgin to the sky,
Or sink her to a pocky whore.

My blood this day is very sweet,
To-morrow of a bitter juice;
Like milk 'tis cried about the street,
And so applied to different use.

Most wondrous is my magic pow'r;
For with one colour I can paint;
I'll make the devil a saint this hour,
Next, make a devil of a saint.

Through distant regions I can fly,
Provide me with but paper wings,
And fairly show a reason why
There should be quarrels among kings.

And after all you'll think it odd,
When learned doctors will dispute,
That I should point the word of God,
And show where they can best confute.

Let lawyers bawl and strain their throats,
'Tis I that must the lands convey,
And strip the clients to their coats,
Nay, give their very souls away.

XVI.

Ever eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all destroying,
Never finding full repast
Till I eat the world at last.

XVII.

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet,
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within;
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

XVIII.

All of us in one you'll find,
Brethren of a wondrous kind;
Yet, among us all, no brother
Knows one tittle of the other.
We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare,
Where, to us unknown, a clerk
Sits and takes them in the dark:
He's the register of all
In our ken, both great and small;
By us forms his laws and rules;
He's our master, we his tools;
Yet we can with greatest ease
Turn and wind him where we please.
One of us alone can sleep,
Yet no watch the rest will keep,
But the moment that he closes,
Every brother else reposes.
If wine's bought or victuals drest,
One enjoys them for the rest.
Pierce us all with wounding steel,
One for all of us will feel.
Though ten thousand cannons roar,
Add to them ten thousand more,
Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful sound.
Do what is not fit to tell,
There's but one of us can smell.

XIX.

FONTINELLA TO FLORINDA.

When on my bosom thy bright eyes,
  Florinda! dart their heavenly beams,
I feel not the least love-surprise,
  Yet endless tears flow down in streams:
There's nought so beautiful in thee,
But you may find the same in me.

The lilies of thy skin compare,
  In me you see them full as white;
The roses of your cheeks, I dare
  Affirm, can't glow to more delight:
Then since I show as fine a face,
Can you refuse a soft embrace?

Ah, lovely Nymph! thou'rt in thy prime,
  And so am I, whilst thou art here;
But soon will come the fatal time
  When all we see shall disappear:
'Tis mine to make a just reflection,
And your's to follow my direction.

Then catch admirers while you may;
  Treat not your lovers with disdain;
For time with beauty flies away,
  And there is no return again.
To you the sad account I bring,
Life's Autumn has no second Spring.

XX.

Never speaking, still awake,
Pleasing most when most I speak,
The delight of old and young,
Though I speak without a tongue;
Nought but one thing can confound me,
Many voices joining round me;
Then I fret, and rave, and gabble,
Like the labourers of Babel.
Now I am a dog or cow,
I can bark or I can low;
I can bleat or I can sing,
Like the warblers of the spring.
Let the love-sick bard complain,
And I mourn the cruel pain;
Let the happy swain rejoice,
And I join my helping voice.
Both are welcome, grief or joy;
I with either sport and toy.
Though a lady, I am stout;
Drums and trumpets bring me out;
Then I clash, and roar, and rattle,
Join in all the din of battle.
Jove, with all his loudest thunder,
When I'm vex'd, can't keep me under;
Yet so tender is my ear,
That the lowest voice I fear:
Much I dread the courtier's fate
When his merit's out of date;
For I hate a silent breath,
And a whisper is my death.

XXI.

Most things by me do rise and fall,
And as I please, they're great and small;
Invading foes, without resistance,
With ease I make to keep their distance.
Again, as I'm dispos'd, the foe
Will come, though not a foot they go.
Both mountains, woods, and hills, and rocks,
And gaming goats, and fleecy flocks,
And lowing herds, and piping swains,
Come dancing to me o'er the plains.
The greatest whale that swims the sea
Does instantly my power obey.
In vain from me the sailor flies:
The quickest ship I can surprise,
And turn it as I have a mind,
And move it against tide and wind:
Nay, bring me here the tallest man,
I'll squeeze him to a little span;
Or bring a tender child and pliant,
You'll see me stretch him to a giant;
Nor shall they in the least complain,
Because my magic gives no pain.

XXII.

We are little brethren twain,
Arbiters of loss and gain;
Many to our counters run,
Some are made, and some undone:
But men find it to their cost,
Few are made, but numbers lost:
Though we play them tricks for ever,
Yet they always hope our favour.

XXIII.

BY DR. DELANY.

INSCRIBED TO LADY CARTERET.

I reach all things near me, and far off to boot,
Without stretching a finger or stirring a foot;
I take them all in too, to add to your wonder,
Though many and various, and large and asunder.
Without jostling or crowding they pass side by side,
Through a wonderful wicket, not half an inch wide;
Then I lodge them at ease in a very large store,
Of no breadth or length, with a thousand things more.
All this I can do without witchcraft or charm,
Though sometimes they say I bewitch and do harm.
Though cold, I inflame; and though quiet, invade;
And nothing can shield from my spell but a shade.
A thief that has robb'd you, or done you disgrace,
In magical mirror I'll show you his face:

Nay, if you'll believe what the poets have said,
They'll tell you I kill, and can call back the dead.
Like conjurers, safe in my circle I dwell;
I love to look black too, it heightens my spell.
Though my magic is mighty in every hue,
Who see all my power must see it in you.

XXIV.

THE FOREGOING RIDDLE ANSWERED BY DR. SWIFT.

With half an eye
Your riddle I spy.
I observe your wicket
Hemm'd in by a thicket;
And whatever passes
Is strain'd through glasses.
You say it is quiet;
I flatly deny it:
It wanders about,
Without stirring out;
No passion so weak
But gives it a tweak:
Love, joy, and devotion
See it always in motion.
And as for the tragic
Effects of its magic,
Which you say it can kill,
Or revive at its will,
The dead are all sound
And revive above ground.

After all you have writ
It cannot be wit,
Which plainly does follow,
Since it flies from Apollo.
Its cowardice such,
It cries at a touch;
'Tis a perfect milksop:
Grows drunk with a drop.
Another great fault,
I cannot bear salt;
And a hair can disarm
It, of every charm.

XXV.

TO MY LADY CARTERET.

From India's burning clime I'm brought,
With cooling gales by zephyrs fraught;
For Iris, when she paints the sky,
Can't show more different hues than I;
Nor can she change her form so fast;
I'm now a sail, and now a mast:
I here am red, and there am green,
A beggar there, and here a queen.
I sometimes live in house of hair,
And oft in hand of lady fair
I please the young, I grace the old,
And am, at once, both hot and cold.
Say what I am then if you can,
And find the rhyme—and you're the man.

EPIGRAMS.

ON

SEEING A WORTHY PRELATE

GO OUT OF ST. ANN'S CHURCH, IN THE TIME OF DIVINE SERVICE, TO WAIT ON HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DORSET ON HIS ARRIVAL.

Lord Pam in the church (could you think it?) kneel'd down,
But when told the Lieutenant was just come to town,
His station despising, unaw'd by the place,
He flies from his God to attend on his Grace.
To the court it was fitter to pay his devotion,
Since God had no hand in his Lordship's promotion.

ON STEPHEN DUCK,

THE THRASHER AND FAVOURITE POET:

A quibbling Epigram.

WRITTEN IN 1730.

The Thrasher Duck could o'er the Queen prevail;
The proverb says, 'No fence against a flail.'
From thrashing corn he turns to thrash his brains,
For which her Majesty allows him grains;

Though 'tis confess'd that those who ever saw
His poems, think them all not worth a straw.
Thrice happy Duck! employ'd in thrashing stubble,
Thy toil is lessen'd, and thy profits double.

ON

WOOD'S BRASS MONEY.

CARTERET was welcom'd to the shore,
First, with the brazen cannons' roar;
To meet him next the soldier comes,
With brazen trumps and brazen drums;
Approaching near the town, he hears
The brazen bell salute his ears;
But when Wood's brass began to sound,
Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells, were drown'd.

ON THE

DUKE OF CHANDOS.

JAMES Bridges was the Dean's familiar friend;
James grows a Duke; their friendship here must end.
Surely the Dean deserves a sore rebuke,
From knowing James to say, he knows a Duke.

ON SCOLDING.

GREAT folks are of a finer mould,
Lord! how politely they can scold!
While a coarse English tongue will itch
For whore and rogue, and dog and bitch.

EPIGRAM ON DIC.

DIC, heris agro at an da quarto finale,
Fora ringat ure nos an da stringat ure tale.

WRITTEN

UPON A WINDOW IN AN INN.

WE fly from luxury and wealth
To hardships, in pursuit of health;
From generous wines and costly fare,
And dozing in an easy chair;
Pursue the goddess Health in vain,
To find her in a country scene,
And every where her footsteps trace,
And see her marks in every face;
And still her favourites we meet,
Crowding the roads with naked feet;
But, oh! so faintly we pursue,
We ne'er can have her full in view.

ANOTHER.

THE glass, by lovers' nonsense blurr'd,
Dims and obscures our sight;
So when our passions love hath stirr'd,
It darkens reason's light.

WRITTEN UPON A WINDOW,

WHERE THERE WAS NO WRITING BEFORE.

THANKS to my stars, I once can see
A window here from scribbling free:
Here no conceited coxcombs pass,
To scratch their paltry drabs on glass;
No party-fool is calling names,
Or dealing crowns to George and James.

AT CHESTER.

MY landlord is civil,
But dear as the devil:
Your pockets grow empty
With nothing to tempt ye:
The wine is so sour
'Twill give you a scour:
The beer and the ale
Are mingled with stale:

The veal is such carrion
A dog would be weary on.
All this I have felt,
For I live on a smelt.

ANOTHER, IN CHESTER.

The walls of this town
Are full of renown,
And strangers delight to walk round 'em;
But as for the dwellers,
Both buyers and sellers,
For me you may hang 'em or drown 'em.

AT HOLYHEAD.

O NEPTUNE! Neptune! must I still
Be here detain'd against my will?
Is this your justice, when I'm come
Above two hundred miles from home,
O'er mountains steep, o'er dusty plains,
Half chok'd with dust, half drown'd with rains,
Only your godship to implore,
To let me kiss your other shore?
A boon so small!—but I may weep,
Whilst you're, like Baal, fast asleep.

EPIGRAM.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to the street, and fled for his life;
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And sav'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him some sober advice—
But Tom is a person of honour so nice,
Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
That he sent to all three a challenge next morning:
Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life;
Went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife.

INSCRIPTION,

INTENDED FOR A COMPARTMENT IN DR. SWIFT'S MONUMENT, DESIGNED BY CUNNINGHAM, ON COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN.

Say, to the Drapier's vast unbounded fame,
What added honours can the sculptor give?
None:—'Tis a sanction from the Drapier's name
Must bid the sculptor and his marble live.

June 4, 1765.

EPIGRAM,

OCCASIONED BY THE ABOVE INSCRIPTION.

WHICH gave the Drapier birth two realms contend,
And each asserts her poet, patriot, friend.
Her mitre jealous Britain may deny;
That loss Iernia's laurel shall supply:
Through life's low vale she, grateful, gave him bread;
Her vocal stones shall vindicate him dead.

B. N.

A

FRENCH GENTLEMAN,

DINING WITH SOME COMPANY ON A FAST-DAY, CALLED FOR SOME BACON AND EGGS: THE REST WERE VERY ANGRY, AND REPROVED HIM FOR SO HEINOUS A SIN; WHEREUPON HE WROTE THE FOLLOWING LINES EXTEMPORE.

PUET on croire avec bon sens
Qu'un lardon le mit en colere?
Ou, que manger un harang,
C'est un secret pour luy plaire?
En sa gloire envelopé
Songe t'il bien de nos soupé?

IN ENGLISH.

WHO can believe, with common sense,
A bacon-slice gives God offence?
Or how a herring hath a charm
Almighty vengeance to disarm?
Wrapt up in majesty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine?

THE

BALANCE OF EUROPE.

NOW Europe's balanc'd, neither side prevails,
For nothing's left in either of the scales.

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

ELEGY

ON THE SUPPOSED DEATH OF PARTRIDGE THE ALMANAC-MAKER.

WELL, 'tis as Bickerstaff has guest,
Though we all took it for a jest;
Partridge is dead! nay, more, he died
Ere he could prove the good squire lied.
Strange an astrologer should die
Without one wonder in the sky!
Not one of all his crony stars
To pay their duty at his hearse!
No meteor, no eclipse appear'd!
No comet with a flaming beard!
The sun has rose and gone to bed
Just as if Partridge were not dead,
Nor hid himself behind the moon,
To make a dreadful night at noon:
He at fit periods walks through Aries,
Howe'er our earthly motion varies,
And twice a year he'll cut the' equator,
As if there had been no such matter.
Some wits have wonder'd what analogy
There is 'twixt cobbling and astrology;
How Partridge made his optics rise
From a shoe-sole to reach the skies.

A list the cobbler's temples ties,
To keep the air out of his eyes;
From whence 'tis plain, the diadem
That princes wear derives from them;
And therefore crowns are now-a-days
Adorn'd with golden stars and rays,
Which plainly shows the near alliance
'Twixt cobbling and the planets' science.
Besides, that slow-pac'd sign Boötes,
As 'tis miscall'd, we know not who 'tis;
But Partridge ended all disputes;
He knew his trade, and call'd it Boots.
The horned moon, which heretofore
Upon their shoes the Romans wore,
Whose wideness kept their toes from corns,
And whence we claim our shoeing-horns,
Shows how the art of cobbling bears
A near resemblance to the spheres.
A scrap of parchment hung by geometry,
(A great refinement in barometry)
Can, like the stars, foretel the weather;
And what is parchment else, but leather,
Which an astrologer might use
Either for almanacs or shoes?
Thus Partridge, by his wit and parts,
At once did practise both these arts:
And as the boding owl (or rather
The bat, because her wings are leather)
Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candle-light;
So learned Partridge could as well
Creep in the dark from leathern cell,
And in his fancy fly as far,
To peep upon a twinkling star.

Besides, he could confound the spheres
And set the planets by the ears.
To show his skill, he Mars could join
To Venus in aspect malign,
Then call in Mercury for aid,
And cure the wounds that Venus made.

Great scholars have in Lucian read,
When Philip King of Greece was dead,
His soul and spirit did divide,
And each part took a different side;
One rose a star, the other fell
Beneath, and mended shoes in hell.

Thus Partridge still shines in each art,
The cobbling and star-gazing part,
And is install'd as good a star
As any of the Cæsars are.
Triumphant star! some pity show
On cobblers militant below,
Whom roguish boys in stormy nights
Torment, by p—g out their lights;
Or through a chink convey their smoke,
Enclos'd artificers to choke.

Thou, high exalted in thy sphere,
May'st follow still thy calling there:
To thee the Bull will lend his hide,
By Phœbus newly tann'd and dried;
For thee they Argo's hulk will tax,
And scrape her pitchy sides for wax;
Then Ariadne kindly lends
Her braided hair to make thee ends;
The point of Sagittarius' dart
Turns to an awl by heavenly art;
And Vulcan, wheedled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a paring-knife:

For want of room by Virgo's side
She'll strain a point and sit astride,
To take thee kindly in between,
And then the signs will be thirteen.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE, five foot deep, lies on his back
A cobbler, starmonger, and quack,
Who to the stars, in pure good will,
Does, to his best, look upward still.
Weep, all you customers that use
His pills, his almanacs, or shoes;
And you that did your fortunes seek,
Step to his grave but once a week:
This earth, which bears his body's print,
You'll find has so much virtue in't,
That I durst pawn my ears 'twill tell
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In physic, stolen goods, or love,
As he himself could when above.

ELEGY

ON THE MUCH-LAMENTED DEATH OF MR. DEMAR, THE FAMOUS RICH USURER, WHO DIED THE 6TH OF JULY 1720[1].

WRITTEN IN 1720.

Know all men by these presents, Death, the tamer,
By mortgage hath secur'd the corpse of Demar;
Nor can four hundred thousand sterling pound
Redeem him from his prison under ground.
His heirs might well, of all his wealth possest,
Bestow, to bury him, one iron chest.
Plutus, the god of wealth, will joy to know
His faithful steward in the shades below.
He walk'd the streets, and wore a threadbare cloak;
He din'd and supp'd at charge of other folk;
And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms:
So to the poor if he refus'd his pelf,
He us'd them full as kindly as himself.
Where'er he went he never saw his betters;
Lords, knights, and squires, were all his humble debtors;
And, under hand and seal, the Irish nation
Were forc'd to own to him their obligation.
He that could once have half a kingdom bought,
In half a minute is not worth a groat:
His coffers from the coffin could not save,
Nor all his interest keep him from the grave.

1 This Elegy was a subject started, and partly executed, in company, consisting of Swift and Stella, and a few friends. Every one threw in a hint, and Stella's were the 31st, 32d, 33d, and 34th lines. *Hawkes.*

A golden monument would not be right,
Because we wish the earth upon him light.
Oh, London Tavern[2]! thou hast lost a friend,
Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend:
He touch'd the pence when others touch'd the pot;
The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the shot.
Old as he was, no vulgar known disease
On him could ever boast a power to seize;
But as his gold he weigh'd, grim Death in spite
Cast in his dart, which made three moidores light:
And as he saw his darling money fail,
Blew his last breath to sink the lighter scale.
He who so long was current, 'twould be strange
If he should now be cried down since his change.
The sexton shall green sods on thee bestow;
Alas! the sexton is thy banker now:
A dismal banker must that banker be
Who gives no bills but of mortality.

THE EPITAPH.

Beneath this verdant hillock lies
Demar, the wealthy and the wise.
His heirs, that he might safely rest,
Have put his carcass in a chest,
The very chest in which, they say,
His other self, his money lay:
And if his heirs continue kind
To that dear self he left behind,
I dare believe that four in five
Will think his better-half alive.

[2] A tavern in Dublin where Demar kept his office.

SATIRICAL ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A LATE FAMOUS GENERAL.

His Grace! impossible! what, dead!
Of old age too, and in his bed!
And could that mighty warrior fall?
And so inglorious, after all!
Well, since he's gone, no matter how,
The last loud trump must wake him now;
And, trust me, as the noise grows stronger,
He'd wish to sleep a little longer.
And could he be indeed so old
As by the newspapers we're told?
Threescore, I think, is pretty high;
'Twas time in conscience he should die.
This world he cumber'd long enough;
He burnt his candle to the snuff;
And that's the reason, some folks think,
He left behind so great a st—k.
Behold his funeral appears,
Nor widow's sighs nor orphan's tears,
Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progress of his hearse.
But what of that? his friends may say
He had those honours in his day.
True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep *before* he died.
Come hither, all ye empty things,
Ye bubbles rais'd by breath of kings,
Who float upon the tide of state,
Come hither, and behold your fate!

Let pride be taught by this rebuke
How very mean a thing's a duke;
From all his ill-got honours flung,
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.

EPITAPH

ON GENERAL GORGES AND LADY MEATH [1].

UNDER this stone lie Dick and Dolly;
Doll dying first, Dick grew melancholy,
For Dick without Doll thought living a folly.

Dick lost in Doll a wife tender and dear,
But Dick lost by Doll twelve hundred a year,
A loss that Dick thought no mortal could bear.

Dick sigh'd for his Doll, and his mournful arms crost,
Thought much of his Doll and the jointure he lost;
The first vex'd him much, the other vex'd most.

Thus loaded with grief Dick sigh'd and he cried:
To live without both full three days he tried,
But lik'd neither loss, and so quietly died.

Dick left a pattern few will copy after:
Then, reader, pray shed some tears of salt water,
For so sad a tale is no subject of laughter.

[1] Dorothy, Dowager of Edward Earl of Meath, was married to General Gorges in 1716, and died in 1728. Her husband survived only two days.

Meath smiles for the jointure, though gotten so late,
The son laughs that got the hard-gotten estate,
And Cuffe[2] grins, forgetting the Alicant plate.

Here quiet they lie, in hopes to rise one day,
Both solemnly put in this hole on a Sunday,
And here rest: *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

QUIBBLING ELEGY,

ON THE WORSHIPFUL JUDGE BOAT.

WRITTEN IN 1723.

To mournful ditties, Clio, change thy note,
Since cruel Fate hath sunk our Justice Boat.
Why should he sink where nothing seem'd to press?
His lading little, and his ballast less,
Tost in the waves of this tempestuous world,
At length his anchor fix'd, and canvass furl'd,
To Lazy-hill[1] retiring from his court,
At his Ring's-end he founders in the port:
With water fill'd[2], he could no longer float,
The common death of many a stronger Boat.
A post so fill'd on Nature's laws intrenches;
Benches on Boats are plac'd, not Boats on benches:
And yet our Boat, how shall I reconcile it?
Was both a Boat, and in one sense a pilot!

2 Son-in-law to General Gorges.

1 Two villages near the sea, where boatmen and seamen live.

2 It was said he died of a dropsy.

With every wind he sail'd, and well could tack,
Had many pendents, but abhorr'd a Jack[3],
He's gone, although his friends began to hope
That he might yet be lifted by a rope.
Behold the awful bench on which he sat!
He was as hard and pond'rous wood as that:
Yet when his sand was out, we find, at last,
That Death has overset him with a blast.
Our Boat is now sail'd to the Stygian ferry,
There to supply old Charon's leaky wherry:
Charon in him will ferry souls to hell,
A trade our Boat[4] hath practis'd here so well:
And Cerberus hath ready in his paws
Both pitch and brimstone to fill up his flaws.
Yet, spite of Death and Fate, I here maintain
We may place Boat in his old post again:
The way is thus, and well deserves your thanks:
Take the three strongest of his broken planks,
Fix them on high conspicuous to be seen,
Form'd like the triple tree near Stephen's Green[5],
And when we view it thus with thief at end on't,
We'll cry, 'Look! here's our Boat, and there's the pendant.'

3 A cant word for a Jacobite.
4 In hanging people as a judge.
5 Where the Dublin-gallows stands.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies Judge Boat within a coffin;
Pray, gentle folks! forbear your scoffing.
A Boat a Judge; yes; where's the blunder?
A wooden judge is no such wonder:
And in his robes, you must agree,
No Boat was better deck'd than he.
'Tis needless to describe him fuller;
In short, he was an able sculler.

POEMS TO STELLA.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

1718.

STELLA this day is thirty-four,
(We sha'n't dispute a year or more.)
However, Stella, be not troubled;
Although thy size and years are doubled,
Since first I saw thee at sixteen,
The brightest virgin on the green,
So little is thy form declin'd,
Made up so largely in thy mind.
Oh! would it please the gods to split
Thy beauty, size, and years, and wit,
No age could furnish out a pair
Of nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair,
With half the lustre of your eyes,
With half your wit, your years, and size:
And then, before it grew too late,
How should I beg of gentle Fate
(That either nymph might have her swain)
To split my Worship too in twain.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

1720.

All travellers at first incline
Where'er they see the fairest sign,
And if they find the chambers neat,
And like the liquor and the meat,
Will call again, and recommend
The Angel-Inn to every friend.
What though the painting grows decay'd?
The house will never lose its trade;
Nay, though the treacherous tapster Thomas
Hangs a new Angel two doors from us,
As fine as dauber's hands can make it,
In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
We think it both a shame and sin
To quit the true old Angel-Inn.
Now this is Stella's case in fact;
An angel's face a little crack'd;
(Could poets, or could painter's fix
How angels look at thirty-six:)
This drew us in at first to find
In such a form an angel's mind,
And every virtue now supplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crowding swains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and sense,
And puts them but to small expense;
Their mind so plentifully fills,
And makes such reasonable bills,

So little gets for what she gives,
We really wonder how she lives!
And, had her stock been less, no doubt
She must have long ago run out.
  Then who can think we'll quit the place,
When Doll hangs out a newer face;
Or stop and light at Chloe's Head,
With scraps and leavings to be fed?
  Then, Chloe, still go on to prate
Of thirty-six and thirty-eight;
Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
Your hints that Stella is no chicken;
Your inuendos, when you tell us
That Stella loves to talk with fellows;
And let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your soul should grieve,—
That should you live to see the day
When Stella's locks must all be grey,
When age must print a furrow'd trace
On every feature of her face,
Though you, and all your senseless tribe,
Could Art, or Time, or Nature bribe,
To make you look like Beauty's queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen,
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind;
All men of sense will pass your door,
And crowd to Stella's at fourscore.

TO STELLA,

WHO COLLECTED AND TRANSCRIBED HIS POEMS.

WRITTEN IN 1720.

As when a lofty pile is rais'd,
We never hear the workmen prais'd
Who bring the lime or place the stones,
But all admire Inigo Jones;
So if this pile of scatter'd rhymes
Should be approv'd in after-times,
If it both pleases and endures,
The merit and the praise are your's.
  Thou, Stella! wert no longer young
When first for thee my harp I strung:
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts;
With friendship and esteem possest,
I ne'er admitted Love a guest.
  In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the mistress, and the wife,
Variety we still pursue,
In pleasure seek for something new;
Or else, comparing with the rest,
Take comfort that our own is best;
The best we value by the worst,
(As tradesmen show their trash at first)
But his pursuits are at an end
Whom Stella chooses for a friend.
  A poet starving in a garret,
Conning old topics like a parrot,

Invokes his mistress and his Muse,
And stays at home for want of shoes:
Should but his Muse, descending, drop
A slice of bread and mutton-chop,
Or kindly, when his credit's out,
Surprise him with a pint of stout,
Or patch his broken stocking-soles,
Or send him in a peck of coals,
Exalted in his mighty mind,
He flies, and leaves the stars behind,
Counts all his labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely aid.
  Or should a porter make inquiries
For Chloe, Sylvia, Phillis, Iris,
Be told the lodging, lane, and sign,
The bowers that hold those nymphs divine;
Fair Chloe would perhaps be found
With footmen tippling under ground;
The charming Sylvia beating flax,
Her shoulders mark'd with bloody tracks;
Bright Phillis mending ragged smocks,
And radiant Iris in the p—x.
  These are the goddesses enroll'd
In Curll's Collection new and old,
Whose scoundrel fathers would not know 'em
If they should meet them in a poem.
  True poets can depress and raise,
Are lords of infamy and praise;
They are not scurrilous in satire,
Nor will in panegyric flatter.
Unjustly poets we asperse;
Truth shines the brighter clad in verse;
And all the fictions they pursue
Do but insinuate what is true.

Now, should my praises owe their truth
To beauty, dress, or paint, or youth,
What Stoics call 'without our power,'
They could not be insur'd an hour:
'Twere grafting on an annual stock,
That must our expectation mock,
And, making one luxuriant shoot,
Die the next year, for want of root:
Before I could my verses bring,
Perhaps you're quite another thing.
So Mævius, when he drain'd his skull
To celebrate some suburb-trull,
His similies in order set,
And every crambo he could get,
Had gone through all the common-places
Worn out by wits who rhyme on faces;
Before he could his poem close,
The lovely nymph had lost her nose.
Your virtues safely I commend;
They on no accidents depend:
Let Malice look with all her eyes,
She dares not say the poet lies.
Stella, when you these lines transcribe,
Lest you should take them for a bribe,
Resolv'd to mortify your pride,
I'll here expose your weaker side.
Your spirits kindle to a flame,
Mov'd with the lightest touch of blame;
And when a friend in kindness tries
To show you where your error lies,
Conviction does but more incense;
Perverseness is your whole defence:
Truth, judgment, wit, give place to spite,
Regardless both of wrong and right:

Your virtues all suspended wait
Till Time hath open'd Reason's gate;
And, what is worse, your passion bends
Its force against your nearest friends,
Which manners, decency, and pride,
Have taught you from the world to hide:
In vain:—for see, your friend hath brought
To public light your only fault;
And yet a fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble generous mind,
And may compare to Ætna's fire,
Which, though with trembling, all admire,
The heat that makes the summit glow
Enriching all the vales below.
Those who in warmer climes complain
From Phœbus' rays they suffer pain,
Must own that pain is largely paid
By generous wines beneath a shade.
  Yet when I find your passions rise,
And anger sparkling in your eyes,
I grieve those spirits should be spent,
For nobler ends by Nature meant.
One passion with a different turn
Makes wit inflame or anger burn:
So the sun's heat, with different pow'rs,
Ripens the grape, the liquor sours.
Thus Ajax, when with rage possest,
By Pallas breath'd into his breast,
His valour would no more employ,
Which might alone have conquer'd Troy,
But, blinded by resentment, seeks
For vengeance on his friends the Greeks.
  You think this turbulence of blood
From stagnating preserves the flood,

Which thus fermenting, by degrees
Exalts the spirits, sinks the lees.
Stella! for once you reason wrong;
For should this ferment last too long,
By time subsiding, you may find
Nothing but acid left behind:
From passion you may then be freed,
When peevishness and spleen succeed.
Say, Stella! when you copy next,
Will you keep strictly to the text?
Dare you let these reproaches stand,
And to your failing set your hand?
Or if these lines your anger fire,
Shall they in baser flames expire?
Whene'er they burn, if burn they must,
They'll prove my accusation just.

TO STELLA, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

WRITTEN ANNO 1721-2.

While, Stella, to your lasting praise
The Muse her annual tribute pays;
While I assign myself a task
Which you expect, but scorn to ask;
If I perform this task with pain,
Let me of partial Fate complain:
You every year the debt enlarge,
I grow less equal to the charge:
In you each virtue brighter shines,
But my poetic vein declines:
My harp will soon in vain be strung,
And all your virtues left unsung,

For none among the upstart race
Of poets dare assume my place;
Your worth will be to them unknown,
They must have Stellas of their own;
And thus, my stock of wit decay'd,
I dying leave the debt unpaid,
Unless Delany, as my heir,
Will answer for the whole arrear.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY,

1722,

A GREAT BOTTLE OF WINE, LONG BURIED, BEING THAT DAY DUG UP.

Resolv'd my annual verse to pay,
By duty bound, on Stella's day;
Furnish'd with paper, pens, and ink,
I gravely sat me down to think;
I bit my nails and scratch'd my head,
But found my wit and fancy fled;
Or if, with more than usual pain,
A thought came slowly from my brain,
It cost me Lord knows how much time
To shape it into sense and rhyme;
And what was yet a greater curse,
Long thinking made my fancy worse.
Forsaken by the' inspiring Nine,
I waited at Apollo's shrine;
I told him what the world would say
If Stella were unsung to-day;
How I should hide my head for shame,
When both the Jacks and Robin came;

How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer,
How Sheridan, the rogue, would sneer,
And swear it would not always follow
That *semel in anno ridet Apollo;*
I have assur'd them twenty times
That Phœbus help'd me in my rhymes;
Phœbus inspir'd me from above,
And he and I were hand and glove:
But finding me so dull and dry since,
They'll call it all poetic licence;
And when I brag of aid divine,
Think Eusden's right as good as mine.
  Nor do I ask for Stella's sake;
'Tis my own credit lies at stake;
And Stella will be sung, while I
Can only be a stander-by.
  Apollo, having thought a little,
Return'd this answer to a tittle:
  'Though you should live like old Methusalem,
I furnish hints, and you should use all 'em,
You yearly sing as she grows old,
You'd leave her virtues half untold:
But, to say truth, such dulness reigns
Through the whole set of Irish Deans,
I'm daily stunn'd with such a medley,
Dean W——, Dean D——, and Dean Smedley,
That, let what Dean soever come,
My orders are, I'm not at home;
And if your voice had not been loud,
You must have pass'd among the crowd.
  'But now, your danger to prevent,
You must apply to Mrs. Brent,
For she, as priestess, knows the rites
Wherein the god of earth delights.

First, nine ways looking, let her stand
With an old poker in her hand;
Let her describe a circle round
In Saunders' cellar on the ground;
A spade let prudent Archy hold,
And with discretion dig the mould;
Let Stella look with watchful eye,
Rebecca, Ford, and Grattans by.
'Behold the Bottle, where it lies
With neck elated tow'rd the skies!
The god of winds and god of fire
Did to its wondrous birth conspire,
And Bacchus for the poets' use
Pour'd in a strong inspiring juice.
See! as you raise it from its tomb,
It drags behind a spacious womb,
And in the spacious womb contains
A sovereign med'cine for the brains.
'You'll find it soon, if Fate consents;
If not, a thousand Mrs. Brents,
Ten thousand Archys arm'd with spades,
May dig in vain to Pluto's shades.
'From thence a plenteous draught infuse,
And boldly then invoke the Muse;
(But first let Robert, on his knees,
With caution drain it from the lees)
The Muse will at your call appear,
With Stella's praise to crown the year.'

STELLA AT WOOD-PARK,

A HOUSE OF CHARLES FORD, ESQ. EIGHT MILES FROM DUBLIN.

WRITTEN IN 1723.

—— Cuicunque nocere volebat
Vestimenta dabat pretiosa.

Don Carlos, in a merry spite,
Did Stella to his house invite;
He entertain'd her half a year
With generous wines and costly cheer.
Don Carlos made her chief director,
That she might o'er the servants hector:
In half a week the dame grew nice,
Got all things at the highest price:
Now at the table-head she sits,
Presented with the nicest bits;
She look'd on partridges with scorn,
Except they tasted of the corn;
A haunch of ven'son made her sweat,
Unless it had the right *fumette*.
Don Carlos earnestly would beg,
'Dear Madam! try this pigeon's leg;'
Was happy when he could prevail
To make her only touch a quail.
Through candle-light she view'd the wine,
To see that every glass was fine.

At last grown prouder than the devil,
With feeding high and treatment civil,
Don Carlos now began to find
His malice work as he design'd.
The winter-sky began to frown,
Poor Stella must pack off to town;
From purling streams and fountains bubbling,
To Liffey's stinking tide at Dublin;
From wholesome exercise and air,
To sossing in an easy chair;
From stomach sharp and hearty feeding,
To piddle, like a lady breeding;
From ruling there the household singly,
To be directed here by Dingley[1];
From every day a lordly banquet,
To half a joint, and God be thanked;
From every meal, Pontack in plenty,
To half a pint one day in twenty;
From Ford attending at her call,
To visits of ——— ——— ———;
From Ford, who thinks of nothing mean,
To the poor doings of the Dean;
From growing richer with good cheer,
To running out by starving here.
  But now arrives the dismal day,
She must return to Ormond-quay.
The coachman stops, she look'd, and swore
The rascal had mistook the door.
At coming in you saw her stoop;
The entry brush'd against her hoop.
Each moment rising in her airs,
She curs'd the narrow winding stairs;

[1] The constant companion of Stella.

Began a thousand faults to spy;
The ceiling hardly six feet high;
The smutty wainscot full of cracks,
And half the chairs with broken backs:
Her quarter's out at Lady-day,
She vows she will no longer stay
In lodgings, like a poor grizette,
While there are lodgings to be let.
  Howe'er, to keep her spirits up,
She sent for company to sup,
When all the while you might remark
She strove in vain to ape Wood-park.
Two bottles call'd for, (half her store,
The cupboard could contain but four)
A supper worthy of herself,
Five nothings in five plates of delf.
  Thus for a week the farce went on,
When, all her country savings gone,
She fell into her former scene,
Small beer, a herring, and the Dean.
  Thus far in jest; though now, I fear,
You think my jesting too severe;
But poets, when a hint is new,
Regard not whether false or true:
Yet raillery gives no offence
Where truth has not the least pretence,
Nor can be more securely plac'd,
Than on a nymph of Stella's taste.
I must confess your wine and vittle
I was too hard upon a little;
Your table neat, your linen fine,
And, though in miniature, you shine;
Yet when you sigh to leave Wood-park,
The scene, the welcome, and the spark,

To languish in this odious town,
And pull your haughty stomach down,
We think you quite mistake the case;
The virtue lies not in the place;
For though my raillery were true,
A cottage is Wood-park with you.

TO STELLA,

WRITTEN ON THE DAY OF HER BIRTH, BUT NOT ON THE SUBJECT, WHEN I WAS SICK IN BED.

MARCH 13, 1723-4.

TORMENTED with incessant pains,
Can I devise poetic strains?
Time was when I could yearly pay
My verse on Stella's native day;
But now, unable grown to write,
I grieve she ever saw the light;
Ungrateful, since to her I owe
That I these pains can undergo.
She tends me like an humble slave,
And when indecently I rave,
When out my brutish passions break,
With gall in every word I speak,
She with soft speech my anguish cheers,
Or melts my passions down with tears;
Although 'tis easy to descry
She wants assistance more than I,
Yet seems to feel my pains alone,
And is a Stoic in her own.
When among scholars can we find
So soft and yet so firm a mind?

All accidents of life conspire
To raise up Stella's virtue higher;
Or else to introduce the rest,
Which had been latent in her breast.
Her firmness who could e'er have known,
Had she not evils of her own?
Her kindness who could ever guess,
Had not her friends been in distress?
Whatever base returns you find
From me, dear Stella! still be kind.
In your own heart you'll reap the fruit,
Though I continue still a brute.
But when I once am out of pain,
I promise to be good again:
Meantime your other juster friends
Shall for my follies make amends:
So may we long continue thus,
Admiring you, you pitying us.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY,

1724.

As, when a beauteous nymph decays,
We say, she's past her dancing-days;
So poets lose their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather chose
To celebrate your birth in prose;
Yet merry folks, who want by chance
A pair to make a country-dance,
Call the old housekeeper, and get her
To fill a place for want of better.

While Sheridan is off the hooks,
And friend Delany at his books,
That Stella may avoid disgrace,
Once more the Dean supplies their place.
Beauty and wit, too sad a truth!
Have always been confin'd to youth;
The god of Wit and Beauty's queen,
He twenty-one, and she fifteen.
No poet ever sweetly sung
Unless he were, like Phœbus, young;
Nor ever nymph inspir'd to rhyme,
Unless, like Venus, in her prime.
At fifty-six, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you?
Or, at the age of forty-three,
Are you a subject fit for me?
Adieu! bright wit, and radiant eyes;
You must be grave, and I be wise.
Our fate in vain we would oppose;
But I'll be still your friend in prose:
Esteem and friendship to express
Will not require poetic dress,
And if the Muse deny her aid
To have them sung, they may be said.
But Stella, say, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young?
That Time sits with his scythe to mow
Where erst sat Cupid with his bow?
That half your locks are turn'd to grey?—
I'll ne'er believe a word they say.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are somewhat dimmish grown;
For Nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my sight,

And wrinkles undistinguish'd pass,
For I'm asham'd to use a glass;
And till I see them with these eyes,
Whoever says you have them, lies.
No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, sense and wit;
Thus you may still be young to me,
While I can better hear than see:
Oh, ne'er may Fortune show her spite,
To make me deaf and mend my sight!

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY,

MARCH, 13, 1726.

This day, whate'er the Fates decree,
Shall still be kept with joy by me:
This day, then, let us not be told
That you are sick and I grown old,
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of spectacles and pills:
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear such mortifying stuff.
Yet since from reason may be brought
A better and more pleasing thought,
Which can, in spite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days,
From not the gravest of divines
Accept, for once, some serious lines.
Although we now can form no more
Long schemes of life, as heretofore;
Yet you, while time is running fast,
Can look with joy on what is past.

Were future happiness and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain,
As Atheists argue, to entice
And fit their proselytes for vice,
(The only comfort they propose,
To have companions in their woes)
Grant this the case; yet sure 'tis hard
That virtue, styl'd its own reward,
And by all sages understood
To be the chief of human good,
Should acting die, nor leave behind
Some lasting pleasure in the mind,
Which by remembrance will assuage
Grief, sickness, poverty, and age;
And strongly shoot a radiant dart
To shine through life's declining part.
Say, Stella, feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well spent?
Your skilful hand employ'd to save
Despairing wretches from the grave,
And then supporting with your store
Those whom you dragg'd from death before?
So Providence on mortals waits,
Preserving what it first creates.
Your generous boldness to defend
An innocent and absent friend;
That courage which can make you just
To merit humbled in the dust;
The detestation you express
For vice, in all its glittering dress;
That patience under torturing pain,
Where stubborn stoics would complain;

Must these like empty shadows pass,
Or forms reflected from a glass?
Or mere chimeras in the mind,
That fly, and leave no marks behind?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago?
And had it not been still supplied,
It must a thousand times have died.
Then who with reason can maintain
That no effects of food remain?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind,
Upheld by each good action past,
And still continued by the last?
Then who with reason can pretend
That all effects of virtue end?

Believe me, Stella, when you show
That true contempt for things below,
Nor prize your life for other ends
Than merely to oblige your friends,
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart:
For Virtue in her daily race,
Like Janus bears a double face,
Looks back with joy where she has gone,
And therefore goes with courage on:
She at your sickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better state.

O then, whatever Heaven intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends;
Nor let your ills affect your mind
To fancy they can be unkind.

Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
Who gladly would your sufferings share,
Or give my scrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due;
You to whose care so oft I owe
That I'm alive to tell you so.

TO STELLA,

VISITING ME IN MY SICKNESS, OCTOBER 1727.

Pallas, observing Stella's wit
Was more than for her sex was fit,
And that her beauty, soon or late,
Might breed confusion in the state,
In high concern for humankind,
Fix'd honour in her infant mind.
But (not in wranglings to engage
With such a stupid vicious age)
If honour I would here define;
It answers faith in things divine.
As natural life the body warms,
And, scholars teach, the soul informs,
So honour animates the whole,
And is the spirit of the soul.
Those numerous virtues which the tribe
Of tedious moralists describe,
And by such various titles call,
True honour comprehends them all.
Let melancholy rule supreme,
Choler preside, or blood, or phlegm,
It makes no difference in the case,
Nor is complexion honour's place.

But lest we should for honour take
The drunken quarrels of a rake,
Or think it seated in a scar,
Or on a proud triumphal car,
Or in the payment of a debt
We lose with sharpers at piquet,
Or when a whore in her vocation
Keeps punctual to an assignation,
Or that on which his Lordship swears,
When vulgar knaves would lose their ears,
Let Stella's fair example preach
A lesson she alone can teach.

In points of honour to be tried,
All passions must be laid aside;
Ask no advice, but think alone;
Suppose the question not your own:
How shall I act? is not the case,
But how would Brutus in my place?
In such a cause would Cato bleed?
And how would Socrates proceed?

Drive all objections from your mind,
Else you relapse to humankind;
Ambition, avarice, and lust,
And factious rage, and breach of trust,
And flattery tipt with nauseous fleer,
And guilty shame, and servile fear,
Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
Will in your tainted heart preside.

Heroes and heroines of old
By honour only were enroll'd
Among their brethren in the skies,
To which (though late) shall Stella rise.
Ten thousand oaths upon record
Are not so sacred as her word:

The world shall in its atoms end
Ere Stella can deceive a friend.
By honour seated in her breast
She still determines what is best.
What indignation in her mind
Against enslavers of mankind!
Base kings and ministers of state
Eternal objects of her hate.
  She thinks that Nature ne'er design'd
Courage to man alone confin'd.
Can cowardice her sex adorn,
Which most exposes ours to scorn?
She wonders where the charm appears
In Florimel's affected fears;
For Stella never learn'd the art
At proper times to scream and start,
Nor calls up all the house at night,
And swears she saw a thing in white.
Doll never flies to cut her lace,
Or throw cold water in her face,
Because she heard a sudden drum,
Or found an earwig in a plum.
  Her hearers are amaz'd from whence
Proceeds that fund of wit and sense;
Which, though her modesty would shroud,
Breaks like the sun behind a cloud,
While gracefulness its art conceals,
And yet through every motion steals.
  Say, Stella! was Prometheus blind,
And, forming you, mistook your kind?
No; 'twas for you alone he stole
The fire that forms a manly soul;
Then to complete it every way,
He moulded it with female clay:

To that you owe the nobler flame,
To this the beauty of your frame.
How would Ingratitude delight,
And how would Censure glut her spite,
If I should Stella's kindness hide
In silence, or forget with pride?
When on my sickly couch I lay,
Impatient both of night and day,
Lamenting in unmanly strains,
Call'd every Power to ease my pains,
Then Stella ran to my relief
With cheerful face, and inward grief;
And, though by Heaven's severe decree
She suffer hourly more than me,
No cruel master could require
From slaves employ'd for daily hire
What Stella, by her friendship warm'd,
With vigour and delight perform'd.
My sinking spirits now supplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes;
Now, with a soft and silent tread,
Unheard, she moves about my bed:
I see her taste each nauseous draught,
And so obligingly am caught:
I bless the hand from whence they came,
Nor dare distort my face for shame.
Best pattern of true friends! beware;
You pay too dearly for your care,
If, while your tenderness secures
My life, it must endanger your's;
For such a fool was never found,
Who pull'd a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for a house decay'd.

A RECEIPT

TO RESTORE STELLA'S YOUTH.

WRITTEN IN 1724-5.

THE Scottish hinds, too poor to house
In frosty nights their starving cows,
While not a blade of grass or hay
Appears from Michaelmas to May,
Must let their cattle range in vain
For food along the barren plain:
Meagre and lank with fasting grown,
And nothing left but skin and bone,
Expos'd to want, and wind, and weather,
They just keep life and soul together,
Till summer showers and evening's dew
Again the verdant glebe renew;
And as the vegetables rise,
The famish'd cow her want supplies:
Without an ounce of last year's flesh,
Whate'er she gains is young and fresh,
Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,
As rising from Medea's kettle,
With youth and beauty to enchant
Europa's counterfeit gallant.
  Why, Stella, should you knit your brow,
If I compare you to the cow?
'Tis just the case; for you have fasted
So long, till all your flesh is wasted,
And must against the warmer days
Be sent to Quilca-down [1] to graze,

1 Dr. Sheridan's house, forty miles from Dublin.

Where mirth, and exercise, and air,
Will soon your appetite repair:
The nutriment will, from within,
Round all your body plump your skin;
Will agitate the lazy flood,
And fill your veins with sprightly blood;
Nor flesh nor blood will be the same,
Nor aught of Stella but the name;
For what was ever understood
By humankind but flesh and blood?
And if your flesh and blood be new,
You'll be no more the former you,
But for a blooming nymph will pass,
Just fifteen, coming summer's grass;
Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd,
While all the squires for nine miles round,
Attended by a brace of curs,
With jocky boots and silver spurs,
No less than justices o'Quorum,
Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,
Shall leave deciding broken pates,
To kiss your steps at Quilca-gates.
But lest you should my skill disgrace,
Come back before you're out of case;
For if to Michaelmas you stay,
The new-born flesh will melt away;
The squires, in scorn, will fly the house
For better game, and look for grouse;
But here, before the frost can mar it,
We'll make it firm with beef and claret.

IMITATIONS.

THE

DESCRIPTION OF A SALAMANDER,

OUT OF PLINY'S NATURAL HISTORY,

(Lib. x. *c.* 67. *and Lib.* xxix. *c.* 4.*)*

WRITTEN IN 1706.

As mastiff-dogs, in modern phrase, are
Call'd Pompey, Scipio, and Cæsar;
As pyes and daws are often styl'd
With Christian nicknames, like a child;
As we say Monsieur to an ape,
Without offence to human shape;
So men have got from bird and brute
Names that would best their nature suit.
The lion, eagle, fox, and boar,
Were heroes' titles heretofore,
Bestow'd as hieroglyphics fit
To show their valour, strength, or wit:
For what is understood by fame
Besides the getting of a name?
But ere since men invented guns,
A different way their fancy runs.
To paint a hero we inquire
For something that will conquer fire.

Would you describe Turenne or Trump,
Think of a bucket or a pump.
Are these too low?—then find out grander;
Call my Lord Cutts a Salamander.
'Tis well;—but since we live among
Detractors with an evil tongue,
Who may object against the term,
Pliny shall prove what we affirm;
Pliny shall prove, and we'll apply,
And I'll be judg'd by standers-by.
  First, then, our author has defin'd
This reptile of the serpent kind,
With gaudy coat and shining train,
But loathsome spots his body stain;
Out from some hole obscure he flies,
When rains descend and tempests rise,
Till the sun clears the air, and then
Crawls back neglected to his den.
  So, when the war has rais'd a storm,
I've seen a snake in human form,
All stain'd with infamy and vice,
Leap from the dunghill in a trice,
Burnish and make a gaudy show,
Become a general, peer, and beau,
Till peace hath made the sky serene,
Then shrink into its hole again.
  All this we grant—why, then look yonder,
Sure that must be a Salamander!
  Further, we are by Pliny told
This serpent is extremely cold;
So cold, that, put it in the fire
'Twill make the very flames expire:
Besides, it spews a filthy froth
(Whether through rage, or lust, or both)

Of matter purulent and white,
Which happening on the skin to light,
And there corrupting to a wound,
Spreads leprosy and baldness round.
So have I seen a batter'd beau,
By age and claps grown cold as snow,
Whose breath or touch, where'er he came,
Blew out Love's torch, or chill'd the flame:
And should some nymph, who ne'er was cruel,
Like Charleton cheap, or fam'd Du-Ruel,
Receive the filth which he ejects,
She soon would find the same effects
Her tainted carcass to pursue,
As from the Salamander's spew;
A dismal shedding of her locks,
And, if no leprosy, a p—x.
Then I'll appeal to each by-stander,
If this be not a Salamander.

DESCRIPTION OF A CITY-SHOWER.

(IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.)

WRITTEN IN 1712.

CAREFUL observers may foretel the hour
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a show'r.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink:
If you be wise then go not far to dine;
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.

A coming shower your shooting corns presage,
Old aches throb, your hollow tooth will rage:
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen,
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.

Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope;
Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean:
You fly, invoke the gods, then turning, stop
To rail; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunn'd the' unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life,
And wafted with its foe by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was rain and which was dust.
Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
Sole coat, where dust cemented by the rain,
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain.

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The templar spruce, while every spout's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tuck'd-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.

Box'd in a chair the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits;
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds, he trembles from within:
So when Troy's chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen run them through)
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quak'd for fear.

Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell
What street they sail'd from, by their sight and smell;
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From Smithfield or St. 'Pulchre's shape their course,
And in huge confluence join'd at Snow-hill ridge,
Fall from the Conduit prone to Holborn-bridge.
Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood.

HORACE,

BOOK I. EPIST. VII. IMITATED,

AND ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

1712.

HARLEY, the nation's great support,
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with public cares possest,
All Europe's business in his breast)
Observ'd a parson near Whitehall
Cheapening old authors on a stall.
The priest was pretty well in case,
And show'd some humour in his face;
Look'd with an easy, careless mien,
A perfect stranger to the spleen;
Of size that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to sit still.
My Lord (who, if a man may say't,
Loves mischief better than his meat)
Was now dispos'd to crack a jest,
And bid friend Lewis go in quest;
(This Lewis is a cunning shaver,
And very much in Harley's favour)
In quest who might this parson be,
What was his name, of what degree,
If possible to learn his story,
And whether he were Whig or Tory.
Lewis his patron's humour knows,
Away upon his errand goes;

And quickly did the matter sift,
Found out that it was Doctor Swift;
A clergyman of special note
For shunning those of his own coat,
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down:
No libertine, nor over-nice,
Addicted to no sort of vice,
Went where he pleas'd, said what he thought,
Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat:
In state opinions *à-la-mode*,
He hated Wharton like a toad;
Had given the faction many a wound,
And libell'd all the junto round;
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His works were hawk'd in every street,
But seldom rose above a sheet:
Of late, indeed, the paper stamp
Did very much his genius cramp;
And since he could not spend his fire,
He now intended to retire.
Said Harley, 'I desire to know
From his own mouth if this be so;
Step to the Doctor straight, and say,
I'd have him dine with me to day.'
Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor would believe my Lord had sent,
So never offer'd once to stir,
But coldly said, 'Your servant, Sir!'
'Does he refuse me?' Harley cried:—
'He does, with insolence and pride.'
Some few days after Harley spies
The Doctor fasten'd by the eyes

At Charing-cross among the rout,
Where painted monsters are hung out;
He pull'd the string, and stopt his coach,
Beck'ning the Doctor to approach.
Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came sneaking to the chariot-side,
And offer'd many a lame excuse;
He never meant the least abuse—
'My Lord—the honour you design'd—
Extremely proud—but I had din'd—
I'm sure I never should neglect—
No man alive has more respect—'
'Well, I shall think of that no more,
If you'll be sure to come at four.'
The Doctor now obeys the summons,
Likes both his company and commons,
Displays his talent, sits till ten;
Next day invited, comes again;
Soon grows domestic; seldom fails
Either at morning or at meals;
Came early, and departed late;
In short, the gudgeon took the bait.
My Lord would carry on the jest,
And down to Windsor takes his guest.
Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a Canon there,
In summer round the Park to ride,
In winter never to reside.
'A Canon! that's a place too mean;
No, Doctor, you shall be a Dean;
Two dozen canons round your stall,
And you the tyrant o'er them all:
You need but cross the Irish seas,
To live in plenty, power, and ease.'

Poor Swift departs; and, what is worse,
With borrow'd money in his purse;
Travels at least an hundred leagues,
And suffers numberless fatigues.
  Suppose him now a Dean complete,
Devoutly lolling in his seat;
The silver virge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cushion-side;
Suppose him gone through all vexations,
Patents, instalments, abjurations,
First-fruits, and tenths, and chapter-treats,
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and—cheats;
(The wicked laity's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving.)
Now all the Doctor's money's spent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent;
The farmers, spitefully combin'd,
Force him to take his tithes in kind;
And Parvisol discounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs.
  Poor Swift, with all his losses vext,
Not knowing where to turn him next,
Above a thousand pounds in debt,
Takes horse, and in a mighty fret
Rides day and night at such a rate,
He soon arrives at Harley's gate,
But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
Old Read would hardly let him in.
  Said Harley, 'Welcome, reverend Dean;
What makes your Worship look so lean?
Why, sure you won't appear in Town
In that old wig and rusty gown?
I doubt your heart is set on pelf
So much, that you neglect yourself.

What! I suppose now stocks are high,
You've some good purchase in your eye;
Or is your money out at use?—'
'Truce, good my Lord, I beg a truce,
(The Doctor in a passion cried)
Your raillery is misapplied:
Experience I have dearly bought;
You know I am not worth a groat:
But 'tis a folly to contest
When you resolve to have your jest;
Then, since you now have done your worst,
Pray leave me where you found me first.'

HORACE, LIB. II. SAT. VI.

PART OF IT IMITATED.

WRITTEN ABOUT 1713.

I've often wish'd, that I had clear
For life six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this, and more,
I ask not to increase my store,
But should be perfectly content,
Could I but live on this side Trent,
Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.
I must by all means come to Town,
'Tis for the service of the Crown;

'Lewis, the Dean will be of use;
Send for him up, take no excuse.'
The toil, the danger of the seas,
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or, let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.
'Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
Let my Lord know you're come to Town.'—
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee-day,
And find his Honour in a pound,
Hem'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green;
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplext,
And, smiling, whispers to the next,
'I thought the Dean had been too proud
To jostle here among a crowd.'
Another in a surly fit
Tells me I have more zeal than wit;
'So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,
But rudely press before a Duke:'—
I own I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant, to show
What I desire the world should know.
I get a whisper and withdraw,
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.
This humbly offers me his case—
That begs my interest for a place—

An hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears,
'To-morrow my appeal comes on,
Without your help the cause is gone.'—
'The Duke expects my Lord and you
About some great affair at two.'—
'Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind
To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
Consider 'tis my first request.'—
'Be satisfied, I'll do my best.'—
Then presently he falls to tease,
'You may for certain, if you please;
I doubt not, if his Lordship knew—
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you.'—
'Tis (let me see) three years and more
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As 'What's o'clock?' and 'How's the wind?
Whose chariot's that we left behind?'
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;
Or, 'Have you nothing new to-day,
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?'
Such tattle often entertains
My Lord and me as far as Stains,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to Town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross.
Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me us'd so well.

'How think you of our friend the Dean?
I wonder what some people mean;
My Lord and he are grown so great,
Always together *tête-à-tête*.—
What! they admire him for his jokes—
See but the fortune of some folks!'
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arriv'd at court;
I'm stop'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in every street:
'You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great,
Inform us, will the emperor treat?
Or, do the prints and papers lie?'—
'Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.'—
'Ah! Doctor, how you love to jest!
'Tis now no secret'—'I protest
'Tis one to me.'—'Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay?'—
And though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.
Thus in a sea of folly tost,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat:
Oh, could I see my country seat!
There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book,
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the Court and Town.

TO

THE EARL OF OXFORD,

LATE LORD TREASURER.

SENT TO HIM WHEN HE WAS IN THE TOWER, BEFORE HIS TRIAL.

(OUT OF HORACE.)

WRITTEN IN 1716.

How bless'd is he who for his country dies,
Since Death pursues the coward as he flies!
The youth in vain would fly from Fate's attack,
With trembling knees, and Terror at his back;
Though Fear should lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet swifter Fate will seize him from behind.
Virtue repuls'd yet knows not to repine,
But shall with unattainted honour shine;
Nor stoops to take the staff, nor lays it down,
Just as the rabble please to smile or frown.
Virtue, to crown her favourites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten passage to the sky,
Where Jove a seat among the gods will give
To those who die, for meriting to live.
Next, faithful Silence hath a sure reward;
Within our breast be every secret barr'd:
He who betrays his friend shall never be
Under one roof, or in one ship, with me;
For who with traitors would his safety trust,
Lest with the wicked Heaven involve the just?
And though the villain 'scape awhile, he feels
Slow Vengeance, like a blood-hound, at his heels.

TOLAND'S INVITATION TO DISMAL,

TO DINE WITH THE CALF'S-HEAD CLUB.

(IMITATED FROM HORACE, LIB. I. EPIST. V.)

If, dearest Dismal you for once can dine
Upon a single dish and tavern wine,
Toland to you this invitation sends,
To eat the Calf's-head with your trusty friends.
Suspend awhile your vain ambitious hopes,
Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes;
To-morrow we our mystic feast prepare,
Where thou, our latest proselyte, shalt share,
When we, by proper signs and symbols, tell
How, by brave hands, the royal traitor fell;
The meat shall represent the tyrant's head,
The wine his blood our predecessors shed;
Whilst an alluding hymn some artist sings,
We toast confusion to the race of kings:
At monarchy we nobly show our spite,
And talk what fools call treason all the night.
Who, by disgraces or ill fortune sunk,
Feels not his soul enliven'd when he's drunk?
Wine can clear up Godolphin's cloudy face,
And fill Jack Smith with hopes to keep his place;
By force of wine ev'n Scarborough is brave,
Hal grows more pert, and Somers not so grave:
Wine can give Portland wit, and Cleveland sense,
Montague learning, Bolton eloquence:
Cholmly, when drunk, can never lose his wand,
And Lincoln then imagines he has land.

My province is to see that all be right,
Glasses and linen clean, and pewter bright;
From our mysterious club to keep out spies,
And Tories (dress'd like waiters) in disguise.
You shall be coupled as you best approve,
Seated at table next the men you love.
Sunderland, Orford, Boyle, and Richmond's Grace
Will come; and Hampden shall have Walpole's place.
Wharton, unless prevented by a whore,
Will hardly fail, and there is room for more:
But I love elbow-room whene'er I drink,
And honest Harry is too apt to stink.
Let no pretence of business make you stay;
Yet take one word of counsel by the way;
If Guernsey call, send word you're gone abroad,
He'll tease you with King Charles and Bishop Laud,
Or make you fast, and carry you to pray'rs;
But if he will break in, and walk up stairs,
Steal by the back door out, and leave him there,
Then order Squash to call a hackney-chair.

ON NOISY TOM.

——— Qui promittit, cives, urbem, sibi curæ,
Imperium fore, et Italiam, et delubra deorum;
Quo patre sit natus, num ignota matre inhonestus,
Omnes mortales curare, et quærere cogit.
Tune Syri, Damæ, aut Dionysi filius, audes
Dejicere e saxo cives, aut tradere Cadmo?
HOR. Lib. I. sat. vi. ver. 34—39.

TRANSLATED LITERALLY.

'WHOEVER promiseth (in the senate) to take the city (of Rome) and the citizens under his care; nay, the whole empire, Italy, and the temples of the gods; such a man compelleth all mortals curiously to enquire from what father he sprung, and whether his mother were some obscure dishonourable female. (The people would cry out) What, thou the son of Cyrus[1], or Damas[1], or Dionysis[1], darest thou cast our citizens down the Tarpeian rock, or deliver them prisoners to Cadmus[2]?'

PARAPHRASED.

IF Noisy Tom[3] should in the Senate prate,
That he would answer both for Church and state;
And, further to demonstrate his affection,
Would take the kingdom into his protection;

1 Usual names of slaves at Rome.

2 Cadmus was a lictor, an officer who seized on criminals, like a constable or messenger of the House of Commons.

3 Sir Thomas Prendergrist.

All mortals must be curious to inquire
Who could this coxcomb be, and who his sire?
What! thou the span of him[4] who sham'd our isle,
That traitor, assassin, informer vile.
Though by the female side[5] you proudly bring,
To mend your breed, the murderer of a king;
What was thy grandsire[6] but a mountaineer,
Who held a cabin for ten groats a year,
Whose master, Moore[7], preserv'd him from the halter,
For stealing cows, nor could he read the Psalter?
Durst thou, ungrateful, from the Senate chase
Thy founder's grandson[8], and usurp his place?
Just Heav'n! to see the dunghill bastard brood
Survive in thee, and make the proverb good[9]:
Then vote a worthy citizen[10] to jail,
In spite of justice, and refuse his bail.

[4] The father of Sir Thomas * * * *, who engaged in a plot to murder King William III.; but, to avoid being hanged, turned informer against his associates, for which he was rewarded with a good estate, and made a baronet.

[5] C—d—g—n's family.

[6] A poor thieving cottager under Mr. Moore, condemned at Clonmell assizes to be hanged for stealing cows.

[7] The grandfather of Guy Moore, Esq. who procured him a pardon.

[8] Guy Moore was fairly elected member of parliament for Clonmell; but Sir Thomas, depending upon his interest with a certain party then prevailing, and since known by the title of Parson-hunters, petitioned the House against him, out of which he was turned upon pretence of bribery, which the paying of his lawful debts was then voted to be.

[9] 'Save a thief from the gallows, and he will cut your throat.'

[10] Mr. George Faulkner, a very honest and eminent printer in Dublin, who was voted to Newgate upon a ridiculous complaint of one Serjeant Bettesworth.

PART OF ODE IX. BOOK IV. HORACE.

ADDRESSED TO DR. WILLIAM KING, LATE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

(Paulum sepultæ, etc.)

VIRTUE conceal'd within our breast
Is inactivity at best,
But never shall the Muse endure
To let your virtues lie obscure,
Or suffer envy to conceal
Your labours for the public weal.
Within your breast all wisdom lies,
Either to govern or advise;
Your steady soul preserves her frame
In good and evil times the same.
Pale Avarice and lurking Fraud
Stand in your sacred presence aw'd;
Your hand alone from gold abstains,
Which drags the slavish world in chains.
  Him for a happy man I own
Whose fortune is not overgrown;
And happy he who wisely knows
To use the gift that Heaven bestows;
Or, if it please the powers divine,
Can suffer want and not repine.
The man who, infamy to shun,
Into the arms of Death would run,
That man is ready to defend
With life, his country or his friend.

ON DREAMS.

(AN IMITATION OF PETRONIUS.)

WRITTEN IN 1724.

Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris, etc.

THOSE Dreams that on the silent night intrude,
And with false flitting shades our minds delude,
Jove never sends us downward from the skies,
Nor can they from infernal mansions rise,
But are all mere productions of the brain,
And fools consult interpreters in vain.

For when in bed we rest our weary limbs,
The mind unburden'd sports in various whims;
The busy head with mimic art runs o'er
The scenes and actions of the day before.

The drowsy tyrant, by his minions led,
To regal rage devotes some patriot's head;
With equal terrors, not with equal guilt,
The murderer dreams of all the blood he spilt.

The soldier, smiling, hears the widow's cries,
And stabs the son before the mother's eyes;
With like remorse his brother of the trade,
The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his blade.

The statesman rakes the town to find a plot,
And dreams of forfeitures by treason got:
Nor less Tom T—dman, of true statesman mould,
Collects the city filth in search of gold.

Orphans around his bed the lawyer sees,
And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees;
His fellow pick-purse, watching for a job,
Fancies his fingers in the cully's fob.

The kind physician grants the husband's pray'rs,
Or gives relief to long-expecting heirs:
The sleeping hangman ties the fatal noose,
Nor unsuccessful waits for dead men's shoes.

The grave divine, with knotty points perplex'd,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his text;
While the sly mountebank attends his trade,
Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.

The hireling senator of modern days
Bedaubs the guilty great with nauseous praise;
And Dick the scavenger, with equal grace,
Flirts from his cart the mud in Walpole's face.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XIV.

PARAPHRASED,

AND INSCRIBED TO IRELAND.

WRITTEN IN 1725-6.

THE INSCRIPTION.

Poor floating Isle! toss'd on ill fortune's waves,
Ordain'd by Fate to be the land of slaves;
Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted stand;
Thou, fix'd of old, be now the moving land?
Although the metaphor be worn and stale,
Betwixt a state and vessel under sail,
Let me suppose thee for a ship awhile,
And thus address thee in the sailor's style.

UNHAPPY Ship! thou art return'd in vain,
New waves shall drive thee to the deep again;
Look to thyself, and be no more the sport
Of giddy winds, but make some friendly port.
Lost are thy oars, that us'd thy course to guide,
Like faithful counsellors on either side:
Thy mast, which like some aged patriot stood
The single pillar for his country's good,
To lead thee, as a staff directs the blind,
Behold! it cracks by yon rough eastern wind.
Your cables burst, and you must quickly feel
The waves impetuous enter at your keel:
Thus commonwealths receive a foreign yoke,
When the strong cords of union once are broke;

Torn by a sudden tempest is thy sail,
Expanded to invite a milder gale.
As when some writer in a public cause
His pen to save a sinking nation draws,
While all is calm his arguments prevail,
The people's voice expands his paper sail,
Till Power, discharging all her stormy bags,
Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags;
The nation scar'd, the author doom'd to death,
Who fondly put his trust in popular breath.
A larger sacrifice in vain you vow;
There's not a power above will help you now:
A nation thus, who oft Heaven's call neglects,
In vain from injur'd Heaven relief expects.
'Twill not avail, when thy strong sides are broke,
That thy descent is from the British oak;
Or when your name and family you boast
From fleets triumphant o'er the Gallic coast.
Such was Ierne's claim, as just as thine,
Her sons descended from the British line;
Her matchless sons, whose valour still remains
On French records for twenty long campaigns;
Yet from an empress now a captive grown,
She sav'd Britannia's rights and lost her own.
In ships decay'd no mariner confides,
Lur'd by the gilded stern and painted sides;
Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight
In the gay trappings of a birth-day night;
They on the bold brocades and satins rav'd,
And quite forgot their country was enslav'd.
Dear Vessel! still be to thy steerage just,
Nor change thy course with every sudden gust,
Like supple patriots of the modern sort,
Who turn with every gale that blows from court.

Weary and sea-sick when in thee confin'd,
Now for thy safety cares distract my mind:
As those who long have stood the storms of state
Retire, yet still bemoan their country's fate.
Beware, and when you hear the surges roar,
Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry shore;
They lie, alas! too easy to be found;
For thee alone they lie the island round.

FINIS.

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